

# FRANK LESLIE'S LESSON-BOOKS



## NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 6 CENTS.

### INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE.

THE romance of war is a startling contrast to its reality. The two things scarcely resemble each other; nevertheless, the latter doubtless has its charms, otherwise one campaign would cure every soldier of his dream of glory. In our present number we have several illustrations of the *contretemps* of war. On page 277 we give one where the horses, having given up in a storm, that superior animal, man, showed how far two legs were superior to double that number, and dragged the baggage wagon on its way. On the same page we have another instance of what a feather-bed soldier has to expect in a real campaign, for our Artist has sketched the bivouac accommodations of the field officers of General Banks's division on their march from Hyattstown, when, overcome with toil, they laid down in the rain on some straw, and slept through the darkness and storm of an August night. Sometimes our gallant fellows have to put their shoulder to the wheel, and push the baggage train up the hill, as our Artist has drawn on this page. This lets us a little into the rough life of a soldier, and which nothing except an undying love of country could carry him through. On page 284, however, we have a pleasanter incident to celebrate, and that is where the natural ingenuity of the race comes out, and an impromptu oven testifies to our national cleverness, and ministers to the wants of the brave defenders of our flag. The regiment undoubtedly contains men whose means gave them every epicurean indulgence, but we question if any French bread, fresh butter, with all the appliances of Delmonico, ever tasted so sweet as the newly-baked bread



THE MEN OF THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT DRAGGING THEIR BAGGAGE TRAIN DURING A STORM, NEAR HYATTSWELL, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.



BIVOUAC OF THE FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS OF THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, DURING A STORMY NIGHT, ON THEIR MARCH FROM HYATTSWELL, MD. IT IS A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.

they got from the primitive oven pictured in our pages. Of a different description is our last illustration of campaign life, the searching of the farmers' wagons before they are suffered to pass over the Long Bridge into Washington. This measure was highly necessary, for so cunning were the rebels that every means were adopted to give aid and information to the enemy. When we hear that women carried revolvers, gunpowder and percussion caps under their hoops, we can only regret that those instruments did not indicate the dignity of their calling, and "go off" indignantly at their degraded position. Only last week a wagon-maker in Baltimore was arrested charged with making wagons with false bottoms. One of them was captured, and a quantity of revolvers and a number of letters were discovered concealed. A few incidents like those we have pictured in our present number throw more light upon a soldier's life than all the biographies of Winfield Scott ever published.

#### Barnum's American Museum.

A LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS, from the River Nile, the most wonderful animal ever exhibited in America, has just been added to the Museum, where he may be seen with all the other Novelties and Curiosities, and superb Dramatic Performances, every day at 3 and 7½ o'clock p.m. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

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Official Map of the Battle of Bull Run, with complete accounts of the same, and the OFFICIAL REPORTS of the Battle.

N.B.—The Public and the Trade are informed that the back Numbers have been reprinted, and full sets can now be supplied. Larger Editions are now printed, so that all orders can be promptly supplied in future.

The Maps and Engravings, many of them of mammoth size, in the seven numbers already published, number

#### OVER TWO HUNDRED!

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#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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**Southern Barbarism—Employment of Savages in War.** HUMANITY blushes at the enormities practised by the rebels in their conduct of the war which they have initiated against the nation. War, in its mildest form, is full of horrors; but the South seems inspired with a devilish ingenuity in enhancing its enormities. Firing into railway trains supposed to be carrying troops has been a favorite pastime with the skulking traitors of Missouri. A few days ago an ineffectual attempt was made to blow up a passing train, with all its freight of women and children, near Rolla (Mo.), and now we have the details of a still more diabolical outrage, which must cause a shudder of horror throughout Christendom—namely, the destruction, on the 3d inst., of a railroad bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, over Platt river, nine miles east of St. Joseph (Mo.), by which a whole passenger train, containing nearly one hundred inoffensive people—men, women and children—was precipitated into the river, and seventeen killed and others horribly mangled. It appears that the timber supports of the bridge had been nearly burned through, and the fire then extinguished, thus leaving no suspicious appearance about the structure, so that when the train entered the bridge at night the whole track gave way, resulting in the fearful consequences above stated. It was subsequently discovered that some other bridges on the route to St. Joseph were similarly disabled, and the track obstructed with logs, in order to prevent assistance being conveyed from the town to the wounded victims of this cowardly outrage.

In perfect keeping with these practices, so repulsive to every sentiment of humanity, is the attempt to employ the savages of the Western frontier, in arms against the Union and its adherents. Every schoolboy remembers the indignant protest of Lord Chatham, in the British Parliament, against the proposition to employ the Indians in the war of the Revolution against the Colonists. "Who," he asked, "is the man that has dared to authorize and associate with our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods, to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away they will be a stain on the national character."

Yet the expedient which Chatham so rebuked nearly a century ago has been openly resorted to by the rebels, in their insane and demoniac animosity against the supporters of the Constitution and the laws. The Memphis *Avalanche*, of the 20th of August, affirms that Albert G. Pike, as Commissioner from the rebel Gov-

ernment, has formed alliances with some of the more noted of the frontier tribes. "Even the wild Camanches," it adds, "heretofore untamable, are about to be brought under the protection and influence of the Confederate Government, and mustered into its service. It will be a grand sight to see a cavalry brigade of those wild and fierce horsemen of the desert, fighting the battles of the South! Our Indian army will strike terror into the craven hearts of our mercenary invaders!"

The Albert G. Pike here referred to, and who carried a commission from Jefferson Davis himself, has made a report to the rebel Government, in regard to the Creeks, in which he says:

"Notwithstanding a heavy outside influence, a treaty advantageous to both parties was made with the rulers of the Creek nation. Before entering upon the consideration of the treaty it was voted by a unanimous vote of the Council to go with the South, treaty or no treaty. The principal men have been true as steel to the South from the beginning of the negotiation, and the nation ratified their treaty by a unanimous vote in council, every town being represented. Their regiment will be ready in a few days, and probably a half dozen companies more."

The Helena (Arkansas) *Shield* of the 10th of August mentions that a large body of Indian warriors was at that date already in the field, destined for Missouri. It says:

"From the Hon. C. W. Adams, of this county, who arrived at home a few days since from the northern part of this State, we learn that on last Monday week thirteen hundred Indian warriors—Southern allies—crossed the Arkansas river, near Fort Smith, on the way for McCullough's camp. These Indians were armed with rifle, butcher knife and tomahawk, and had their faces painted one half red and the other black. We also learn that a regiment of mounted Texans likewise crossed the Arkansas at or near Fort Smith for the same destination."

In the presence of such facts, who can wonder that Missouri journals, like the St. Louis *Republican*, significantly ask if this is the kind of "sympathy" by which it is proposed to woo that State into "the ambush of Secession?"

#### Finance, North and South.

JOHN BULL, who gauges everything by a money standard, has not yet fully recovered from the delusion that he holds the purse-strings of creation. He believes fully, and rightly enough, that money constitutes the principal sinew of war, as it certainly does the great motive power in all the arts and advancements of peace. Accustomed to mould the policy of Europe by loans and stipends, at a time when nobody was thrifty but himself, he fails to recognise the great fact that steam and its concomitants have built up other commercial and monetary communities besides London, and that Paris and New York are the centres of great financial systems nearly as grand and self-sustaining as his own. When France entered into the Crimean war, albeit as his ally, Bull did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction that she would become his financial if not his military dependency. But the Emperor, more astute in this than in any other measure of his policy, escaped the anticipated thrall, by an appeal to his people in the form of a popular loan, wherein the smaller bidder had the precedence of the larger one. The result was a thorough independence of the English Bourse. Bull did not quite comprehend the monetary *coup*, but thought it, on the whole, "rather clever." He has not yet discovered where the money came from.

Indulging still his traditions of monetary sovereignty, J. B. has "laid the union to his soul" that the United States could never assert its nationality and put down domestic insurrection, except by the aid of the cash which he alone could furnish, and he has put on airs accordingly. Thinking that the Government of the United States must, from necessity, come with hat in hand, bowing obsequiously to his money-changers for the appropriations voted so promptly and lavishly by Congress, he has commenced to knit his brows and button his pockets in advance. "It is utterly impossible," says the London *Economist*, "for the United States to obtain in Europe anything like the extravagant sums they are asking for. Europe won't lend them!" And even *Punch* parades the monster of Repudiation, the beast which Jeff. Davis invented, as a terror to Englishmen who may be inclined to change English three per cents into American sevens. The *Times* "takes up the wondrous tale," and does all it can to prejudice the British markets, in advance, against the Yankee loan.

Meantime our quiet Secretary of the Treasury, with a calm reliance on the financial strength and patriotic spirit of the country, profiting by the experiment of Louis Napoleon, submits the wants of the Government to the American people; and lo! from a thousand crannies and hidden depositories springs forth the golden flood, even as water flowed from the rock under the stroke of the Hebrew lawgiver's wand! With a confidence and trust in the American Nation and its permanence which no exaggerated Bull Run reverse can shake, and no foreign carping and sinister prophesying can weaken, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE voluntarily offer to their Government all the money it requires. The golden current of California no longer flows into European channels. Every steamer from Liverpool brings its thousands and tens of thousands of golden sovereigns to glut our banker's vaults and clog the machinery of our mints. *The great fact stands declared and patent, America is financially independent of England and of Europe!* New York is, to-day, the creditor city of the world. London may button its pockets, if she thinks it to her interest, or she may invest her hard earnings in bonds countersigned by Davis, the incarnation of Repudiation, compared with which the promises to pay of Venezuela, worth twopence a ream, are substantial representatives of value!

In reference to the great popularity of the loan, we copy a paragraph, for the special edification of J. B., from a daily city contemporary:

"The excitement in the popular subscription to the National Loan is on the increase, and the Sub-Treasurer and his assistants, to-day (S. pt. 4th), found it physically impossible to execute the labor incident to the numerous subscriptions tendered through this forenoon. Mr. Cisco has, therefore, applied to the Executive Committee of the Associated Banks for some means of relief in counting and receiving for the specie tendered at his office in payment of these subscriptions. The amount paid in to-day is over EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, in every variety of subscriptions from \$50 to \$100,000 each. Not the least gratifying circumstance connected with this movement is the high degree of patriotic feeling manifested by the subscribers to the Loan. They make it not only a matter of interest but of duty, in coming up to the assistance of the Government, and this duty is performed with increased alacrity from the confidence inspired by recent events in the Administration and success of the Army and Navy of the country."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 5th, describes the applications for the loan in that city as "a rush," and adds that the list of

subscribers includes "members from all classes of society, mechanics, merchants and capitalists, and of all amounts from \$50 to \$5,000. Among the subscribers was one old Jack tar, who put down his hard earnings of \$150, for the double purpose of patriotically aiding his Government and of securely saving something for a rainy day."

From Boston and Cincinnati in fact from every large city, and for that matter from every small one, we have corresponding reports—all proving that the money and the confidence exists for supporting the Government amply and cheerfully in all the expenditures necessary for restoring peace and reintegrating the Union.

On the other hand, the rebel Government is already bankrupt and discredited. It has resorted to the issue of paltry, irredeemable "shinplasters," which, however small in denomination, are still smaller in value. A correspondent of the Charleston (S.C.) *Courier*, of a late date, *naively* confesses to the financial troubles of that captious city. He says:

"The Legislature legalized the suspension of specie payments by the banks, and specie has since become so scarce and dear that the wants of the public called for and legalized the issue of small bills (bills of the denomination of five to fifty cents by the Bank of the State), which, as a favor, are doled out to the public, and printed on such miserable paper that many of them have already become worthless. The writer sent a twenty-cent bill, which was 'tattered and torn,' to the bank to-day to be redeemed, and the answer was that they had no new bills. Is specie at such a premium that the banks cannot afford to pay twenty cents for its shinplasters?"

The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* is hardly less lugubrious on the same subject. It means as follows:

"Gold and silver are now selling in the Southern States at from 10 to 15 per cent. for current bank bills. A sound and uniform currency is as essential to the health and vigor of the Confederacy and the Government as healthy red blood is to the power and endurance of the body. This thing of a depreciated currency is just now more to be feared than all of Lincoln's legions. It is what ought not to be and cannot be submitted to by the Southern people. It is intolerable that the banks should be exempt by law from the obligation to redeem their currency in specie, and, at the same time, sell the very gold and silver with which it ought to be redeemed for 10 to 15 per cent. in exchange for their own bills. It is all the same whether they do this at their own counter directly, or indirectly through the agency of brokers. True to their soulless character and sordid instincts, the banks are ready for a few vile dollars to crush the Government and the people together."

New Orleans echoes the dismal cry through the columns of the *Delta*. Here are its *notes of woe*:

"Every bank, every town and village corporation, even the State itself, and private bankers, are deluging the State with wretched currency, in notes from five cents to one dollar. Gold and silver are eagerly bought at eight per cent. premium for these notes, and carefully hoarded away. Of course this currency never can and never will be redeemed, and when it begins to decline it will be bought up by those who have issued it at an enormous shave—all of which will fall upon the people and enrage to the benefit of the corporation. And yet it was gravely proposed that our banks should agree to co-operate with banks which sanction and are engaged in this gigantic fraud, and receive and pay out shinplasters as they do their own notes."

#### North Carolina.

THE capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras is likely to prove of more consequence in its political than its military results. Late advices represent that thousands of the people of Eastern North Carolina are flocking to the captured fortress, and voluntarily subscribing to the oath of allegiance to the United States. White flags are displayed at every conspicuous point; the fort at Ocracoke Inlet, 40 miles to the south of Hatteras, has been abandoned; and every indication is to the effect that the Union sentiment is predominant and only required the dispersion of the rebels in arms to find expression. This, too, in the Eastern part of the State, where along the Secession heresy has had strength; for the Western part of the State, like Western Virginia and the whole region traversed by the Alleghanies, has never been otherwise than thoroughly loyal. It is said that, at the late Congressional election, Union candidates were chosen in every district, and that North Carolina will have a full representation in the next Congress. Colonel Foster, who ran openly in one of the Western districts and was elected, is already in Washington, and confirms the statement that a large majority of the people are sound Union men, who only require Government support to redeem the State from rebel rule.

It is well known that North Carolina was forced into Secession by the same fraudulent practices which succeeded in Virginia and Tennessee, but which failed in Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky. An attempt to call a State Convention, in the interest of Secession, was made on the 28th of February last, but was defeated by a majority of the popular vote. Taking advantage of the excitement created by the attack on Fort Sumter, and under the pressure of Virginia on one side and South Carolina on the other, by violence and fraud, another attempt was made to secure a Secession Convention early in May, which was successful, and on the 20th of that month, this body, in violation of the conviction of the Old North State, declared her out of the Union. But the heart of her people were never with the traitors at Montgomery and Richmond, and, as we have already said, she will leap back gladly to the bosom of her mother, whenever the military despotism that weighs her down shall be lifted by the Federal arm. This is abundantly proved by the experiment at Hatteras, which gives special significance to the language of the Raleigh *Register*, the organ of rebellion at the capital of the State. It says that "for the credit of the State" it forbears "to describe the effect produced in the House of Commons by the reading of the despatch announcing the capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark." In other words, the hitherto suppressed Union sentiment openly manifested itself, when it became known that the Federal Government had the will and the power to strike down treason in its strongholds, and no longer intended to content itself with fulminating proclamations from the Capitol.

#### Sleeping on his Post.

Our latest advices from Washington convey the gratifying intelligence that Private William Scott, of Vermont, convicted by Court Martial of sleeping on his post, and sentenced to be shot, has had his sentence commuted by the President. We are glad to hear it, not because we disapprove of the strictest and severest military discipline while the army is in face of an enemy, but because we think big delinquents should be punished before little ones. There is no propriety in shooting Private Scott,

while General Patterson is left to go at large. He slept at his post at Charlestown, in the Shenandoah Valley, and allowed Johnston, whom he was deputed to watch, to escape to Manassas, and turn the tide of battle against the Union forces at Bull Run, whereby the cause of the Union was disgraced, and the Capitol of the Nation imperiled. Six hours after General Scott, in Washington, was informed of the departure of Johnston from Winchester, and when his force was half-way to Manassas, General Patterson telegraphed to headquarters for reinforcements, on the plea that "the enemy had been reinforced, and was moving on him with 42,200 men!"

If ever there was a case of flagrant, unpardonable, criminal "sleeping on his post," it was that of Patterson at Charlestown; and so long as he escapes the penalty imposed on the offence by military law, we expect to see no privates shot for simple drowsiness.

MR. NELSON, of East Tennessee, has at last gone over to the enemy. It is to be wished there had been more of the ancient Roman in him, but while we regret his defection we must not forget that circumstances have evidently prevented the Federal Government from extending to the loyal Tennesseeans that aid and succor which they had had for three months so earnestly demanded, and which has saved Western Virginia to the Union. In his address to the Tennesseeans Mr. Nelson speaks with considerable bitterness of theopathy shown by the authorities in Washington:

"While I did not promise allegiance or active support to the Southern Confederacy, and will not advise you to assume any obligations contrary to your convictions of duty, I feel perfectly free to say that the failure of the Government of the United States for four long months to sustain us in our position, its apparent inability to do so, since the battle of Manassas, within any reasonable time, the deliberate action of our State in the August election, the assurances of public men that no test oath or drafting measures will be adopted or required, the mutual hatred which has grown up between the antagonistic sections of the Union, and the recent confiscation laws which have been either adopted or proposed on both sides, as well as other causes, have painfully impressed my own mind with the belief that, unless some wonderful and improbable change is effected, our beloved Union is gone for ever, and it is our policy and duty to submit to a result which, however we may deplore it, seems to be inevitable."

THE WAR LOAN IN CANADA.—The Canadians are investing so largely in the National loan as to cause considerable uneasiness for the solvency of the savings banks of Montreal and Quebec, which have been compelled to raise money at a great disadvantage, in order to pay depositors desirous of changing their investments.

THE HATTERAS PRISONERS.—The prisoners captured at Fort Hatteras have been transferred from the Minnesota to Castle William and Bedloe's Island, where, although closely guarded, they are humanely cared for. Their rations are the same as those of the regular United States soldiers. Commodore Barron is at Bedloe's Island, of which he is allowed the liberty, under special guard, and resides in a small house intended for officers. Fort Schuyler will probably be fitted up for any more prisoners that may be forwarded here.

THE VOTE OF APPROVAL.—The third section of the act of Congress, providing for "the increase of the pay of privates in the regular army and of the volunteers in the service of the United States and other purposes," approves the acts and measures of President Lincoln, consequent on the attack on Fort Sumter. It is as follows:

"Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That all the acts, proclamations and orders of the President of the United States, after the 4th of March, 1861, respecting the army and navy of the United States and calling out or relating to the militia or volunteers from the States, are hereby approved, and in all respects made legal and valid, to the same intent and with the same effect as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO GENERAL McDOWELL.—The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, reviewing General McDowell's report of the battle of Bull Run, pays that officer the following tribute:

"McDowell makes no display in his report, but it is a plain detail of his movements, and it shows that he arranged and fought the battle as well as any of Lincoln's Generals, with their troops, could have done, not excepting General Scott. He managed it admirably in every respect, and was very nearly successful."

THE NEW YORK COURIER DES ETATS UNIS contains a letter from the Editor-in-chief, who resigns his place now that he can no longer oppose the war and counsel treason through its columns. He says that since the Journal of Commerce, the News and the Day Book have deserted the cause, it is needless for a paper printed in a different language to oppose the popular sentiment, and he abandons the American people to their own fate. We think they will survive the blow.

THE PRIVATEER JEFF DAVIS.—This vessel which for two months has been so annoying to Northern commerce, was wrecked on the 16th of August, in endeavoring to cross the bar of San Augustine, Florida, to which port she belonged. She is a total loss, with her guns and ill-gotten spoils. It is believed that the wreck will prove a complete obstruction to the harbor, and become an efficient aid to the blockading fleet. It is a disgrace to the navy that she was not captured long ago.

AN EMPIRE TRANSFERRED.—As the Southern rebellion is unequalled for its wickedness, its punishment will be equally signal. Retribution already prepares to strike. Its fancied strength and chief temptation, cotton, has ruined it. It is impossible to observe the action of England without being convinced that she is about to call a rival to fill the throne hitherto occupied by that impious despot, American Cotton. The South reckoned that cotton would terrify England into a recognition of a Slave Power, and a consequent war with the United States. She will find herself mistaken—instead of being considered the indispensable, she has become the superseded. Her madness has given her hitherto neglected rivals the opportunity they wanted. China, Algeria, Central America, and India have already received the encouragement which will virtually abolish slave labor in the Southern States. The sceptre has departed from Judah! and we may be sure much to England's satisfaction, for it has gone easily against her pride to be so dependent upon one nation for her great staple. Henceforth her own colonies will chiefly supply her mills. Looked at in this light, the present rebellion assumes the appearance of a great step in human progress, necessary for the full development of American industry, freedom, and genius—as well as the perfect triumph of our Republican institutions.

TERIOR is always cruel. The Southern editors, judged by this standard, are in an agony of mortal fright. It is evident from the following extract from a violent article in the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, that the Southern Confederacy are about embroiling themselves with foreign powers. The idea of compelling foreigners to fight their battles shows the extreme brutality to which rebellion has reduced them:

"We admonish these aliens, spies and villains, whether native or foreign born, not to lay the flatteringunction to their souls that the outside platter of falsehood, smiles and hypocrisy under which they think they conceal the treason and villainy which rankle in their black hearts, deceive us. We tell them that their cloaks are as gossamer webs—their treachery is exposed to the gaze of a public becoming more and more indignant every hour. We tell them that we cannot answer for the consequences which their meanness and enormous villainy may soon bring upon their detestable carcasses. We advise them to make haste to take themselves, bag and baggage, to their own place, lest, like Judas, their journey be expedited."

"It makes our blood boil with rage to see men—men whom we know rejoice at the death and wounds of our kindred and our friends, received on the bloody field of battle. The very sight of these hypocritical traitors and spies makes us nervous. We pass them, and we could slay them as we would a mad dog. Still the compassion of our forbearing nature induces us to warn them of the storm of indignation and wrath which is gathering in portentous blackness, and which may burst of a sudden in terrible fury upon them. We put a small value upon our own life in this scale—we put much less upon the lives of hypocritical, perfidious and detestable spies and traitors."

Their worst enemy could not have written anything worse of them and their cause than this.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.—Frank Leslie is publishing an excellent Pictorial History of the War, which will command itself to those who wish to preserve a reliable and faithful record of the present contest. It is well illustrated, and ably edited by E. G. Squier, the faithful and well-known historian.

No one can do this work better than he, and we are glad that so able and impartial a pen has assumed the task. Issued semi-monthly, at twenty-five cents a part.—*Lorain Co. News, Oberlin, Ohio.*

NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The New York State Democratic Convention, which assembled at Syracuse on the 4th, adjourned on the 5th, after making the following nominations:

David R. Floyd Jones, Secretary of State.  
George E. Comstock, Judge of Court of Appeals.  
George F. Scott, Comptroller.  
Lyman Tremaine, Attorney-General.  
Francis C. Bronck, Treasurer.  
Jarvis B. Lord, Canal Commissioner.  
W. W. Wright, Canal Commissioner.  
Wm. C. Rhodes, State Prison Inspector.

First among the resolutions adopted by the Convention is the subjoined: Resolved, That in this crisis the watchword which should pass through the Democratic ranks, calling them together and consolidating them in one erect and determined mass, in defense of our imperiled country, is the sentiment of Andrew Jackson, that "the Union must and shall be preserved."

THE INCOME TAX.—The Income Tax, authorized by Congress, goes into effect on the 1st of January, 1862, and is payable on incomes received during the present year. The 49th section of the law is as follows:

"The tax herein provided shall be assessed upon the annual income of the persons hereinbefore named for the year preceding the time for assessing said tax, to wit, the year next preceding the 1st of January, 1862."

All persons, therefore, who, during the current year, are in receipt of incomes exceeding \$800 a year, must pay their tax at the rate of three per cent. on the whole amount in excess of that sum. It is provided, however, that, in estimating incomes, all national, state or local taxes assessed upon property from which an income is derived shall be first deducted.

INCREASE IN RAILWAY AND CANAL TRAFFIC.—The receipts of the New York Central Railway for the 11 months terminating Sept. 1st were \$510,046 in excess of those of the corresponding months of last year. The increase on the Erie road is \$508,428. The amount of grain passing through the Erie Canal since May 1st is 9,219,418 bushels in excess of the amount for the same period last year.

NEW YORK SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE LOAN.—The following figures show the daily subscriptions to the Great National Loan in New York city, for the week ending Sept. 7:

By Individuals.	Last week.	Previous week.
Monday .....	\$340,000	\$128,000
Tuesday .....	307,000	147,000
Wednesday .....	181,000	171,000
Thursday .....	575,000	200,000
Friday .....	547,000	174,000
Saturday .....	402,000	300,000
Total individuals .....	\$2,789,000	\$1,220,000
Paid in by Banks .....	5,600,000	3,500,000
Total for the week .....	\$3,889,000	\$4,720,000
Total for the fortnight .....	.....	\$13,109,000
Previously—By Banks .....	.....	\$3,690,000
Individuals .....	.....	666,000
.....	.....	4,666,000
Total paid up to date .....	.....	\$17,75,000
Balance of first Bank guarantee .....	.....	17,75,000
Total allotted to New York to 15th October .....	.....	\$35,000,000

SPECIE IN NEW YORK CITY.—The stock of specie in New York, as returned by the Banks and Sub-Treasury, shows but slight variation from \$64,000,000 in the last three or four weeks, viz.:

Specie.	In Bank.	Sub-Treasury.	Total.
August 17 .....	\$49,753,000	\$4,380,000	\$54,133,000
August 24 .....	47,19,000	6,937,000	54,056,000
August 31 .....	45,048,000	8,651,000	53,949,000
Sept. 7 .....	42,000,000	13,034,000	55,034,000

Vanity Fair ridicules the Southern Commissioners in Europe in arrolicke rhyme, and in view of their failure, past, present and future, concludes:

"So let her Yanceys once more brave the floods,  
Her Dudley Manns pack up their Manly Duds,  
And hasten home again!"

Vanity Fair also recommends that, as it has been proposed to get up a testimonial for Beauregard in England, one should be started here for Nena Sahib, the persecuted Sepoy patriot of India!

DIVIDED COUNSELLS.—A Fredericksburg correspondent of the New Orleans Delta complains of "divided counsels" in the rebel Government. While one portion is in favor of "a short, sharp and decisive war policy," there is another portion "who think that a delay of a few weeks will produce a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of this controversy without further bloodshed; that the intervention of the European Powers, the uprising of a peace party at the North, will effect this result; that the Northern people, now languid and discontented in regard to this war, might be aroused to gigantic efforts by a movement which, though not aggressive, in fact, they would so represent to their people, and perhaps excite a war frenzy surpassing that which followed the downfall of Fort Sumter."

THE PROFUNDITY OF BRITISH IGNORANCE OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS IS FATHOMLESS. The last number of the London Dispatch, in an article on the war, bitterly hostile to the North, portrays our sufferings in strong language. Trade, it says, is in such a desperate condition that "New York paper can be cashed in Chicago only at a discount of 60 per cent." The national securities, it represents, are "29 per cent. below par," and the "Government reduced to the issue of dollar notes." We hardly need add that the Dispatch is in favor of Secession.

HERE AND THERE.—The Minister of War in France is a Marshal of the Empire, and the Minister of Marine is an Admiral of experience. The Secretary of War of the United States is a small politician, and a rather successful operator in railway jobs and wildcat banks; and the Secretary of the Navy is a still smaller politician, who was once a very poor editor in Hartford, and subsequently the holder of a \$1,800 clerkship in the Navy Department, under Mr. Bancroft! The result, in the two countries, is precisely what might be anticipated—intelligence and efficiency in the one case, and ignorance and inefficiency in the other.

UNION VICTORY AT LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.—Lexington, Lafayette county, Missouri, was the theatre, on the 29th August, of a brilliant action between the rebels, numbering 4,000 men, and a body of Home Guards and United States troops, amounting to about 430 men. The attack was made by the rebels early in the day, but after a short conflict the enemy was repulsed, with the loss of 60 men. There were only a few wounded on the side of the Union. The Union forces since then had been reinforced by an Illinois regiment, under the command of Colonel Marshall, and a portion of a regiment of Home Guards, under Colonel McClung, numbering in all about 1,200 men. This would make the Union forces nearly 1,700 men. There were also two regiments marching to join them from Jefferson city. When near Georgetown, the Illinois regiment was fired at by a person from a window, with a double-barrelled shot gun, and one man killed and another wounded. The person firing was captured, and proved to be Colonel Magoffin, the leader of the Secessionists in Pettis county. He is now a prisoner.

DIRTY HANDS.—The purveyors of the press are sometimes very funny. We have ourselves been very reluctantly compelled to allude to the "dirty hands" of some of the Cabinet, but now the Maine Republican publishes the confession of the Vice-President that his own hands are dirty, and not fit to be shaken by a neighbor. We quote the exact words:

"Since his recent return from the Capitol, one of his neighbors called upon Vice President H. M. T. at his farm at Hampden, Maine, and the Vice-President came up to him out of the cellar, and excused him from shaking hands, remarking at the same time that his hands were dirty, for he had been picking over his potatoes."

HAPPY REPUBLIC: when in such times as these the wife of the President employs her leisure in shopping, and the Vice-President whiles away his leisure in "picking over his taters!"

It has been our painful duty to call attention on several occasions to the lax administration of the War Department. The Herald, of the 8th

September, however, makes so serious a charge against Mr. Cameron that, it is true, that eminent member of the Cabinet ought at once to be dismissed. The Herald says, alluding to the strife between the Governor of Pennsylvania and Mr. Cameron:

"The bitterness between those two chiefs has been so great, that the most important business letters concerning movements of troops reaching the War Department, known to emanate from Governor Curtin, and addressed to Simon Cameron, have not been opened."

If we should get rid of our War Minister without another Bull Run we shall be fortunate.

#### DOMESTIC ITEMS.

A PAMPHLET, containing all the information necessary in reference to subscriptions to the national loan, is being prepared, and will soon be published under the auspices of the Treasury Department.

THE FOLLOWING SUMS WERE IN THE DIFFERENT DEPOSITORYES AND BRANCH MINTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE SECEDED STATES AT THE TIME THOSE STATES REBELLIED, AND WERE STOLEN FROM THE GOVERNMENT:

New Orleans .....	\$535,494
Richmond .....	14,097
Norfolk .....	11,795
Wilmington, N. C. ....	6,068
Savannah .....	4,874
Mobile .....	18 2 5
Nashville .....	4,850
G. I. Weston .....	2,881
Norfolk .....	1,413
Little Rock, Ark. ....	55,692
Tallahassee, Fla. ....	679
Charlotte, N. C. (branch mint) .....	37,000
Dahlonega, Ga. (branch mint) .....	27,910
.....	.....
Total .....	\$718,998

THE STEAMER NORTHERN LIGHT, just in from the Isthmus, brought 30,000 stand of arms from California, a portion of the 50,000 stand sent to that State by Floyd.

THE RECEIPTS OF FLOUR AND GRAIN BY THE RAILROADS LEADING INTO CHICAGO FROM THE WEST, DURING THE SIX DAYS ENDING AUGUST 26TH, WERE AS FOLLOWS:

ERLE GOWER:  
OR, THE  
SECRET MARRIAGE.  
By Pierce Egan.

## CHAPTER LXII.

LORD KINGSWOOD, when he had turned the key upon Erle Gower, requested Philip Avon and those who surrounded him to keep the confinement of the former as a prisoner a secret for the present.

There was one person, however, who had watched with much thought concealed induction the whole proceedings, except the process of locking the prisoner in his cell, and listening to Lord Kingswood's injunctions to the servants to maintain secrecy. That person was Lady Maud's own maid.

She withdrew herself from the scene before the final turning of the key in the lock by Lord Kingswood, and made her way direct to Lady Maud's apartments, in one of which she knew she should be sure to find her.

Common-sense and a still tongue mostly keep company, and if the girl had her full share of curiosity, and perhaps a little more than her share of superstitious fears, she still possessed a certain amount of discrimination, which, exercised in every-day matters, but especially in her own private affairs, did duty for a very decent kind of worldly wisdom.

"I wish he would, my lady; for, so sure as my name is Susan Harebell, he wouldn't allow that horse to be shot," exclaimed the girl, emphatically.

"Certainly not," exclaimed Lady Maud, with a heated flush upon her face. "Both my cousin Cyril and Lord Kingswood would be exceedingly angry if so cruel and brutal an act were committed. Mr. Philip Avon had neither the right to issue such an order, nor the power to have it executed, if he did arrange the right to give it."

"Mr. Philip Avon, when he came here this morning, my lady," returned the girl, artfully working round to her point, "stormed at the grooms because his order has not yet been obeyed."

"Is Mr. Philip Avon at the Hall now?" inquired Lady Maud, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Oh dear, yes my lady," replied Harebell; "indeed, he has quite upset the whole household."

Lady Maud looked at her with an expression of alarm, but did not speak.

"Your ladyship does not perhaps, know that Mr. Philip Avon came here last night just after midnight with some officers, and said that burglars were in the old library."

"In—in the old library?" ejaculated Lady Maud, turning white.

"Yes, my lady—but, oh dear me, perhaps I ought not to tell you ladyship anything about it, as your ladyship is in delicate health," exclaimed the girl, cunningly interrupting herself.

"Everything, my dear Harebell!" cried Lady Maud, quickly; "everything, do not omit a single occurrence you may be acquainted with."

"Well, my lady, I do not know much, but what little I do I shall be happy to communicate to your ladyship," she answered. "You must know, then, that just before we were going to retire for the night, and while we were talking over how Lady Kingswood ordered Mr. Pharisee to be horsewhipped through

deeper and more settled became her aversion to Philip Avon, and how fixed her determination is rather than to become his!"

Lady Maud was indeed greatly disturbed by what she heard—not so much upon her own account as upon Erle's. She had formed a pretty just estimate of Philip Avon's vindictive nature, and she was fully prepared to learn that he had made to Lord Kingswood all the most malicious representations respecting Erle which a wicked invention could construct. She had received from him abundant proofs that he knew by surmise of the love existing between herself and Erle, and he had received from her abundant proofs that he would make the basest use of that knowledge, unprepared as he was to substantiate his charge against her.

It was her wish therefore to help Erle to escape if she could. She knew not how it was to be done, but if it were to be done, and she the instrument to effect it, what happiness it would be to her!

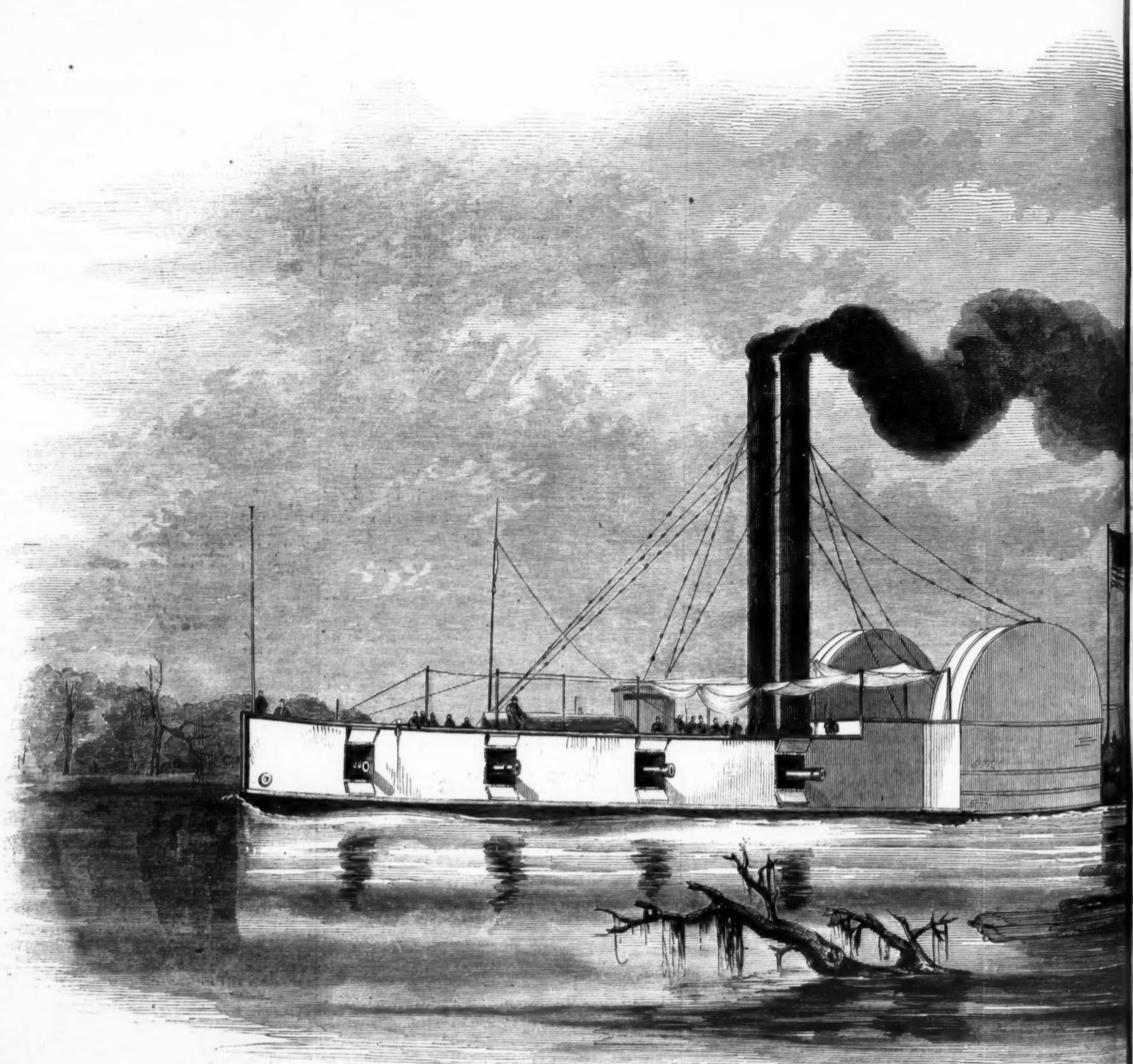
Her thoughts, at first wild, vague, wandering, unconnected, took eventually this shape, and when they had done so, the consideration how the escape was to be effected followed also.

It was necessary that she should see him, and arrange the means for his flight; it did not, however, occur to her that he was locked within the chamber in the eastern wing, and that Lord Kingswood had got the key; nor did it suggest itself that the door of his prison was watched, likewise as was the window, which overlooked the Chase without. She only got at a portion of these disturbing facts, making her maid Harebell repeat the latter portion of her story. Then she comprehended indeed that Lord Kingswood was himself Erle's jailor, and that one of the servants was appointed warden within his chamber.

It was at this very moment, when both were silent and deep in perplexing thought, that a man arrived from Lord Kingswood, requesting Lady Maud to attend him in his library.

Lady Maud grew pale and then flushed. She rose up and sank down in her seat again. She had painful apprehension of his reasons for holding an interview with her, and she dreaded her power to sustain it.

"Do not be alarmed, my lady. Remember, you know nothing about Mr. Erle's presence here until I acquainted you with it. And if I should be wanted to speak to it I'll say something I've



THE FLOTILLA OF FEDERAL GUNBOATS FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS, UNDER

This discrimination enabled her to see the propriety of employing tact when bringing the incarceration of Erle to Lady Maud's notice. If it is true that a woman, without appearing to inform herself about them, will quickly become mistress of the habits of a beloved object, it is especially true that a servant, if attached, will, with seeming unconsciousness, soon conquer the secrets of her mistress, and in doing this, acquire a very shrewd conception of her inner nature. This young girl, having almost intuitively learned Lady Maud's secret, as instinctively knew that she must confide the discovery to her own breast, or at least not even broach the subject to Lady Maud; but at the same time she, with the art—in some instances bewitching—of her sex, knew how and when to speak of Erle in a manner pleasing to her young mistress, without giving her an inkling that she had realized the truth of the relations subsisting between them.

On the present occasion she, on seeing Lady Maud standing at the window of her sitting-room, gazing wistfully at the landscape beyond, her wishes carrying her beyond its limit, accompanied by the only one who had, she believed, the power to make her happy in this world, took not the slightest notice of her. She, however, furtively watched every motion of her young lady's, until she heard her heave a deep sigh and saw her remove from her station at the window and sink into a lounging-chair.

Then she coughed twice or thrice to draw Lady Maud's attention, and at last, finding that the latter raised her thoughtful eyes from the floor, and turned them upon her inquiringly, she said,

"Does your ladyship, if you please, know whether it is likely that Mr. Cyril will shortly come down to the Hall?"

"I do not know. I don't think it is likely that Mr. Cyril will return to the Hall again for some time."

the park. Well, my lady, as I was saying," she continued, "Mr. Philip Avon came at the time I mentioned, and had some private talk with the butler, and then, after midnight, he came again with two officers, and then they and some of the men-servants hurried to the old library and searched it all over, and when they had done hunting, Mr. Philip Avon and the officers watched all night in the Chase, and then, when the sun was up, they came again to the Hall, and Mr. Philip said he was sure there was somebody concealed in the old part of the Hall, and the old library and old picture-gallery were searched, but nobody was found; then the old chambers were thought of, and they hurried to them, and oh, my lady, what do you think—but for your ladyship can never guess what happened. When they went to ransack the old rooms, and they had got into the dreary, haunted old bed-room, they found asleep, in a slumber as gentle and peaceful as that of a tired child on a summer's afternoon, Erle Gower."

Lady Maud, straining her utmost, could not repress a groan. It burst agonised in tone from her lips, and she turned from the girl to conceal her emotion.

"It was Mr. Philip Avon who first saw him," continued the girl; "and when Mr. Erle, handsomer than ever, leaped off the bed and made his way into the next room, where he stood at bay, then Mr. Philip Avon taunted him cruelly. Such a scene followed! They all set on him, and he—by one himself, and dragged him down the staircase to take him away: a prison on the pretences that he was a thief, when—thank Heaven! my lady, Lord Kingswood arrived and saved him."

The tears stood thickly in the girl's eyes, as, clapping her hands together, she made the last observation.

Lady Maud trembled violently. She once or twice essayed to speak, but found the effort too much for her. She could only clasp her hands together and await the conclusion to this unwelcome and unfortunate event. How much

Mr. Avon won't quite like; and besides, my lady, by-and-bye I will—never mind, wait till we meet again, my lady. I shall know then something more than I have told you."

Lady Maud rose up and took her way to the library.

As she entered, Lord Kingswood rose up from his seat, advanced with a storn, haughty manner, touched her hand coldly, and conducted her to a seat.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, in a tone that almost made her start, "my coming is somewhat abrupt, but my engagements are so many and so various that I cannot direct my movements at all. I am obliged to snatch opportunities when they present themselves; hence I come thus without apprising you beforehand. Lady Kingswood is somewhat recular on these points, and as I wish to have an interview with her, I must entitle you in my cause, engage you to plead my excuse to her ladyship, and to use your persuasive eloquence to prevail upon her to see at her earliest convenience."

This preliminary was something so different to what Lady Maud had led herself to expect, that she could not help gazing up at him in surprise. He observed the expression upon her features, and misinterpreted it.

"Lady Kingswood is here, beneath this roof—Kingswood Hall—Lady Maud?" he exclaimed, smiling.

"Certainly, my lord," she answered quickly.

"Her ladyship has not quitted it, I presume, since her arrival?" he added.

"Not even to wander in the ornamental grounds, my lord?" she returned, quickly.

"Her ladyship has recovered her health," he continued, drawing a deep breath after Lady Maud.

This preliminary was something so different to what Lady Maud had led herself to expect, that she could not help gazing up at him in surprise. He observed the expression upon her features, and misinterpreted it.

"Her ladyship is still in extremely delicate health," rejoined Lady Maud, shaking her head and much depressed in spirits, she added.

"I will soon restore her ladyship to a happier and livelier state of mind!" exclaimed his lord with a forced laugh. "You, too, Maud, shall recover your old smiles shortly, and Cyril will be a

amongst us, more sprightly than ever."

She looked up at him and said, with a boldness which surprised herself,

## MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

## CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

*"I HAVE NO FRIENDS."**"Absurd, that remark; but never mind. Your uncle has sent me to look after your welfare."**"Monsieur Charles!" I exclaimed, before I could conquer the impulse.**He took no notice of the interpolation, but continued, talking and eating his figs,**"Your uncle instructs me to tell you that he regrets there should have been a misunderstanding between you. He regrets his hasty language, and desires to know if you will return home?"**"No!" I roared, emphatically.**The monosyllable was a confession of my identity with the young gentleman he had been instructed to seek for. He looked at me with a sly, quiet smile, and shook his head doubtfully.**"Aha! my young friend, I have penetrated through your sheep's clothing, have I?" he muttered, munching his fig and winking diabolically. "You have established your own identity, and have saved me a good deal of trouble. Shake hands."**He rose up, smiling, and held out his fat-jewelled fingers. Scarcely knowing what I did, I held out my hand, touching him. With a sudden movement, he seized me by the wrist, and turning back the shirt sleeve, revealed a slight scar near the elbow, the result of some accident in childhood. "I fell back angry and trembling; he gave a low chuckle and released me.**"Those were my directions," he observed, in insolent apology; "and you must pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance. Good morning."**I stared at him in amazement. He lounged out of the shop with a nod, and left me in a state of mind bordering on feeble idiocy.*

## CHAPTER XIV.—MY HEART IS TOUCHED.

The first idea that suggested itself to my mind was flight. But whither? I had no funds, and stood ten chances to one of arriving in the great world, if I set foot in it alone. Should I make a confidant of Badger, senior? No; for by so doing I should enlighten him as to a state of affairs of which I had been told to keep him entirely ignorant. It was too late to communicate with my London friends. Fortune, fickle woman, was against me, and had decreed that I should be perpetually hunted down and driven into corners by my terrible Golden Skeleton. Oh, that I had been born poor, poor as Lazarus himself, that the face of my lot might be irradiated at least by a peaceful hope of heaven!

The fact was, I was, this time, absolutely alarmed. The scenes I had witnessed, and the dark hints I had heard in London, convinced me that to return to Monsieur Charles would be to put my life in imminent peril. It was clear monsieur's object was to get rid of me as quietly as possible. He was a villain, I knew, and my property (whatever that was) lay in his hands.

There was a beautifully-wooded esplanade in Tortonquay, and a small Rotten Row, up and down which the upper ten-and-twenty were accustomed to ride and walk in the evening. I scarcely know what led me to the spot; but that evening, when I could leave the shop without neglecting business, I strolled to the esplanade, and began cogitating beneath the trees.

I had been there rather less than half an hour, when my attention was attracted to a lady and a gentleman, who were seated on a bench some distance off.

The lady was young and fair-haired—a gentle and beautiful blonde of about eighteen. Her eyes were deep, pensive blue; her lips were as red as the rosebud, and as weak; her fair hair was braided about her forehead in plaited curls. She was elegantly dressed in light satin, and wore on her head the prettiest and most elegant of Parisian bonnets. The face, somehow, seemed familiar to me; but I could not at the moment make out when and where I had seen it before. Her companion, who was attired in the height of fashion, who looked worn and languid, and who was blushing wickedly, was Monsieur Charles!

The sentiment of beauty awakened by the image of that young girl deadened the unpleasant impression caused by the sight of Monsieur Charles. My heart fluttered and my face flushed; I felt a sensation intenser than, yet in some measure akin to, that produced by the sight of pretty housemaids. Who was she? What was she? Where had I seen her before? These were the questions which buzzed like bees through my bewildered brain. Fortune, not I, was to answer them; and in the meantime my heart was touched, and my brain was puzzled.

She was really very pretty. She had a quiet, pensive cast of countenance, and would have been very pale but for a blushing trick, which she shared with monsieur my uncle. There was something holy and healing in her look. She seemed made to smooth the pillow of the sick and succor the helpless. Now, I was annoyed to find that a disposition seemingly so sweet was contradicted by a style of dress which, to say the least of it, was not prudish. But more of that hereafter.

They were talking earnestly together, when the eyes of monsieur met mine. I shuddered and trembled. He did not appear to recognize me, but continued talking to his companion, gesticulating, as he did so, with the nervous energy peculiar to some people. Some invincible power chained me to my seat, and riveted my eyes on the young girl's face. It was a face that haunted me; it seemed like something buried in a far-off life. I was not in love with the maiden; I was in love with her connection with my past life.

After the lapse of a few minutes, another figure appeared at the far end of the esplanade, and I recognized the offensive Jewish person who had visited me in my shop. He sauntered past, casting a quiet glance at me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Monsieur Charles. I did not wait to see more. I rose to my feet, and walked swiftly home, to the domicile of the vulgar but good-hearted Badger. I went to bed directly, conscious



HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR FEMALE REBELS, CORNER OF K AND SIXTEENTH STREETS, WASHINGTON.

SEE PAGE 282.

that it was quite impossible to avoid the men I feared. I brought myself to this stolid condition of mind by reflecting on the charms of the young lady I had seen in the morning. Come what might, I was determined to ascertain who she was, and to unriddle the mystery of her connection with Monsieur Charles. I resigned myself to my fate accordingly.

Early the next morning, just after the shop was opened, my Jewish friend lounged into the shop, placed in my hands a little note, and then lounged out again. The note, which was pink and scented, and was addressed to "Henry Brown, Esq."—the note ran thus:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—Why avoid your good fortune? Why put your friends to the inconvenience of forcing your good fortune upon you? Your conduct, to say the least of it, has been in very bad taste. My love for your dear mamma, however, prevents me from

for the future, we shall be the best of friends. Be assured, you shall never have cause to find fault with me for want of affection."

"I am sorry, very sorry," I murmured, "to be a burden upon you."

"Henry, your mamma was my sister," he cried, "and I loved her with all my heart and soul. Can I avoid feeling a deep and tender interest in the fortunes of her son? Can I help grieving when I see that son wavering in the paths of error? Believe me, no. Besides, I am your legal guardian, and have property of yours in my hands. You are a minor; you are under age. It is not only my duty to use your property to your best advantage, but it is also my duty to see that you are prepared, by early associations, to appreciate and enjoy it."

"It is so; and I thank you very much for your kindness."

This was wilful deception. I was as far then from believing in monsieur as ever I was.

"And I, for my part, promise to act kindly and honorably by you, till a day comes when you will be your own master. Permit me to introduce a person whom I hope you will consider your dear friend. Mr. Henry, my daughter. Elizabeth, my dear, Mr. Henry, of whom you have so often heard."

My Inamorata had entered the room noiselessly, and had advanced to shake hands before I was aware of her presence. She was dressed in a fine afternoon dress, and looked positively lovely. We shook hands. The tips of her soft fingers tingled in mine, and I felt overpowered with a tide of admiration and pleasure.

"I am delighted to meet so near and dear a relation," she said, shaking hands.

"Cousins need not stand upon ceremony," observed monsieur; "and I hope you will regard each other as old friends. I have a little business to transact, and must leave you together for a time. Adieu for the nonce, my dear nephew. Your return has filled me with spirit; I feel quite young again."

So he left the room. It might have been prejudice, but it seemed to me that the young lady breathed freer, as if ridden of an oppressive load, when he had gone.

To be candid, the situation in which I found myself was one of pleasure, slightly seasoned with nervous uneasiness. I had never been in the company of a pretty woman before, and hardly knew how to converse with such a person. She seemed listless, and did not encourage me. I commenced by observing profoundly that the weather was very warm—an observation which I shortly afterwards contradicted, by saying that the weather was very chilly. Strange to say, my companion agreed in both observations. I then asked her how she liked Tortonquay; and she said it was very slow.

Her face grew more and more familiar as the evening grew darker, as the windows blackened, and it filled me with a strange sadness. Where and when, I asked myself, had I seen it before? The consciousness of its intimate connection with my past life grew absolutely painful, and I was more than once on the point of putting questions to her. At last I did so.

"You are older than I am," I said, timidly, "and must have a longer memory. Can you remember if we have met before?"

"I think that we have," she re-



INCIDENT IN THE MARCH OF GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, DURING A STORM, IN WESTERN MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 278.

judging you too harshly. Return to us, and all will be forgiven. At all events, grant me an interview. I shall be able, in the course of a few moments, to prove how greatly you have been mistaken in your affectionate uncle,

"LEONARD CHARLES."

I turned this epistle over and over, undecided how to estimate its language. Was monsieur so consummate an artist in human nature as to be aware that the face of his companion had enchanted me, and that the pink scented note-paper would, by suggesting the female mind, recall her delicate beauty as an incentive to a visit? The address followed; it was that of a house situated in one of the most fashionable parts of Tortonquay. I floundered in a quagmire of indecision.

At last I found myself in a frame of mind necessitating immediate action of some sort, and I was soon prepared to face an ordeal towards which my destinies seemed to draw me, willy-nilly.

At six that evening, then, dressed in my cleanest shirt and my best clothes, I knocked at the door of the house where monsieur was said to reside. It was a large house, with "Griffin" on the door-plate. On asking for Mr. Leonard Charles, I was informed by a trim serving-maid that he had apartments up-stairs. Up-stairs, therefore, I was escorted. I was ushered into a finely furnished drawing-room, which was empty when I entered. Shortly afterwards monsieur entered.

He beamed with kindness and good-nature, and shook my hand heartily. No gentleman could have evinced a manner more kindly and polite. I was pleased, but felt certain that he had some sinister end in view.

"I am glad that you have relented, for your own sake," he said, with a good-humored smile; "but a little tussling in the world does no harm, but teaches us the better to appreciate the blessings we possess. Your conduct, in the first instance, was beyond censure, but I hope that you now intend to be wise. Shake hands again, and say that you have conceived a better opinion of me."

He spoke so kindly, and with such genial goodness, that I felt ashamed of my face, which must have fully expressed my fear for and doubt of him. I blushed and stammered.

"Come, my dear Henry, have some confidence in me; it pains my heart to see you so reserved and diffident. Tell me, my boy, have I ever proved myself an enemy, or even a cool friend?"

I thought of my mamma's death, and of mamma's resurrection. I thought of the churched grave, and of the figure that grovelled on that grave. I thought of the conversations with Mrs. Martha Timbs, and of Augustus's little story. And I shuddered in spite of myself. I thought of the fair young face I had seen in the morning, and then I determined to waive my scruples, and to brave all.

"I have been foolish," I muttered, apologetically.

He blushed into a satirical smile.

"That is no answer to my question. But here, my dear boy, set yourself at rest. I hope that, for the future, we shall be the best of friends. Be assured, you shall never have cause to find fault with me for want of affection."

"I am sorry, very sorry," I murmured, "to be a burden upon you."

"Henry, your mamma was my sister," he cried, "and I loved her with all my heart and soul. Can I avoid feeling a deep and tender interest in the fortunes of her son? Can I help grieving when I see that son wavering in the paths of error? Believe me, no. Besides, I am your legal guardian, and have property of yours in my hands. You are a minor; you are under age. It is not only my duty to use your property to your best advantage, but it is also my duty to see that you are prepared, by early associations, to appreciate and enjoy it."

"It is so; and I thank you very much for your kindness."

This was wilful deception. I was as far then from believing in monsieur as ever I was.

plied, thoughtfully. "It was long ago, when you were a very little boy, and I was a little girl."

"I thought so."

I spoke eagerly, for the words had supplied a defective link in my recollection.

"We were both very young," she continued; "and it was very, very long ago."

"It was. They said that I was a rich little boy, and that you were growing up to marry me. Your name," I cried, "was Sister Elizabeth."

"They called me by that name long ago. Your own, I remember, was Brother Henry."

She spoke quite listlessly and calmly, as though the recollection were of little or no importance. But her words and her face bewildered me, changing the whole course of my destiny.

Her was a beautiful but a weak face; it was weaker and more beautiful by far than that of the Little Girl's Portrait. It owed part of its quiet beauty to its weakness. It was the helpless face of a woman without cares. Sister Elizabeth had the face of an angel; but the aspiration and passion of woman seemed crushed out of her.

"They told me," I said, after I had recovered from my surprise, "they told me that you were dead."

"She moved her eyebrows inquiringly, and shook her head in quiet dissent.

"That you were dead and buried. Strange to say, I have never been quite able to believe it. You were so familiar to me, although I knew not who and what you were, or that we were relations."

"We are cousins," she said quietly. "I am surprised that you should have been ignorant of this."

"Monsieur, my uncle, was himself the means of blinding me to the truth. He did not mention the relationship, but impressed me with the statement that you were dead. That was long ago, when I was a child."

"Well, bygones must be bygones," she remarked. "I am now simply Elizabeth Charles, your cousin. Henceforward, cousin Henry, there is no mystery. Now let us talk of something else."

"Let us talk, then, of my uncle's plans as regards myself."

A cloud passed over her fair face, and she shook her head impatiently.

"It cannot be," she cried; "for my father's plans, whatever they may be, are hidden from both of us. Besides, why trouble ourselves with the future! The future is darkness; it drives men mad."

"Nevertheless, I am anxious to look into it on my own account. I am led to understand that I shall come into my property when I am twenty-one years of age. What I wish to understand is, the life I am to live until that property becomes mine."

"It was so arranged, I believe, that you should dwell with my father until that time."

"It was so arranged, I know; but certain misunderstandings upset the arrangement altogether."

"That is to say," she observed, smiling, "you took a dislike to my father, and ran away from him."

"Exactly," I answered, glad to get out of the explanation so easily. "I was foolish and ran away."

"But that is past and forgiven," cried my uncle, suddenly re-entering the room. "There is no reason that the arrangement should not be carried out in its integrity. Elizabeth, my dear, you will be delighted to hear your cousin promise to remain with us, trust in us, and try to love us until such time as he thinks proper to part company with us."

"Delighted, papa?" she answered, half surprised; "yes, of course I shall be delighted."

"Promise, then, Henry," said my uncle, shaking his forefinger at me, with a smile.

"I cannot."

"How?"

"I have formed other ties, and have made friendships which render our connection impossible."

This, to say the least of it, was honest and outspoken. Elizabeth cast an appealing, terrified glance at her father. Monsieur's face was black and threatening, and he had a great struggle before he could keep his passions within reasonable bounds.

"I know them!" he muttered fiercely. "Pickpockets! cut-throats! and madmen! These are the friendships you speak of, and I wish you joy of them!"

A new light—a little reflected, I think, from Elizabeth's face—broke in upon me. Could I have been deceived in Mrs. Timbs and Augustus? They were low, certainly, and might have been making a tool of me. Now I thought of it, their behavior had never been of a character to inspire confidence. Might not their accounts of monsieur have been false and libelous ones? It was possible.

He saw the struggle going on in my juvenile mind, and laid his traps accordingly; carefully obtruding the image of his handsome daughter at every point of the conversation.

"I have regretted, deeply regretted," he said, "your persistent clinging for such company. Men and women lost to every sense of decency, honesty or truth; men who are so bad as to have lost all faith in the goodness of human nature; women who are so vile as to take a cruel delight in torturing the young mind in evil."

"Nay, not so bad as that," I cried. "They are low, of course, but not so bad as you paint them. Mrs. Timbs—"

"Is a lost wretch, who, being lost herself, has taken a fancy to make all her acquaintances miserable. She is, probably, well-meaning, but she is also weak-minded. Trust her, and you would suffer and repent for it."

I made no answer—answer of any kind was out of the question—to these gratuitous assertions.

"To think that you should have preferred the company of these dandies to the refinements of a happy and elegant home; the society of blackguards to the society of gentlemen; the pitance extended by the hand of a wretch, to the comforts offered by those of myself and my dear child."

Monsieur wiped his eyes, though I could swear there were no tears in them. I felt it necessary to step in with a salve, in the shape of an apology of some sort.

"I have been very foolish," I stammered. "I confessed as much yesterday."

"And I volunteer to be responsible for him," interposed Elizabeth. "For the future we will permit no misunderstandings to arise. I am sure that my cousin has made up his mind to part with the low friends you speak of, and to take up his residence with us. Is it not so, cousin Henry?"

There was a gentleness in her tone which caused my heart to beat and my face to flush.

"Be it so," I said, resigning myself to her healing influence.

#### CHAPTER XV.—A STRANGE MEETING.

In spite of conscience, in spite of experience, in spite of my own fear, I resigned myself to Fortune, and buried my Golden Skeleton in a bed of roses. The roses slept aside, now and then, and revealed the glittering phantom; and when I leant back among them, I now and then felt its hard ribs beneath me.

Monsieur, my uncle, arranged matters, somehow or other, with the honest tradesman, Badger, and I was again my own master. It was with a pang (I confess it) that I separated myself from that vulgar person and his family. The short time I had spent in the Badger household had been the happiest period of my life, and it was only the face of Elizabeth which led me to relinquish pursuits so even and happy.

But in the society of a refined woman like Elizabeth lay a charm which it was next to impossible for a boy of my temperament to resist. I felt a new life in her presence—a life full of passionate aching and yearning. I had always wanted sympathy, and I now found it in her sad beauty. That beauty seemed strangely akin to something brooding in my own soul. I could not detach my heart from it.

Had I fallen in love, as the vulgar term it? I fancy not. There was pity in my feeling; and the attitude which love assumes is seldom that of pity. Moreover, the romance of my life had been dull and gloomy, and my heart was yearning for more brilliant romance. Love it could not be, for I was too young to be capable of love. It might, however, have arisen from that first dawning consciousness of beauty, which prepares the faculties for love, and harmonizes the young heart with those aspirations which introduce manhood.

Enough to say, I was delighted to find one relation who (so far as I knew) at least possessed one merit—that of youthful innocence. My pleasure at the discovery reconciled me to monsieur, my uncle.

My uncle's household consisted at that time of himself, Elizabeth, Elizabeth's maid and your servant. I soon ascertained that monsieur had practically separated himself from his Parisian business,

for the time being, and was living the life of a well-to-do gentleman.

Immediately after I became one of the family, we all left Tortonquay together, and returned to my dead mamma's house of Caverford. The house was much more elegantly furnished than it had been when I left it, and was now surrounded by a beautiful garden and shrubbery.

Elizabeth presided over the domestic economy department—*id quid*, she was the owner of the privy purse, the orderer-about of the servants and the virtual mistress of the dining-room. There was a cook, a maid-of-all-work, Elizabeth's maid and a boy who cleaned the knives. These were the domestics. We lived quietly and rather elegantly. Once or twice within a month we went into London, and spent an evening at the theatre. Nobody attempted to poison me. Everybody attempted, with success, to make me comfortable. I was not so happy as I had been with Badger at Tortonquay; but I was much more luxurious, and felt much more satisfied with my position.

Notwithstanding all this, I was so far conscious of the peculiar aspect of past events, that I determined not to lose sight of the persons in whom I had promised to trust. Come what might, it was as well to keep on friendly terms with Augustus and Mrs. Timbs. So, having indited the following little epistle, I one day furtively put it into the post:

"DEAR MADAM—Before this reaches you, you will have heard that I have returned to my uncle. He found me out, and would not hear of my leaving him. I think you must have been mistaken in Mr. Charles. He is very kind, and has a beautiful daughter. With best love to Mr. Augustus, I remain, yours sincerely, HENRY BROWN. P. S.—Please address to me at the post-office here."

The evening after I had posted the above, I sat with my uncle and Elizabeth in the drawing-room.

"If you please, uncle," I said, innocently, "what has become of Mr. Timbs?"

My uncle lifted up his eyes and looked at me keenly, before replying.

"I perceive that you are not over interested in your old persecutor. Why, the truth is, it is some time since he and I have had any intercourse together. He has been doing business for me in Paris, and I have not had an opportunity of meeting him. You remember him?"

"Perfectly."

"Yet it is a long time since you and he met last."

"An unpleasant, vulgar fellow, and my abhorrence," broke in Elizabeth. "Papa, how can you have dealings with such low people?"

"In business, my dear, one cannot be over particular. Timbs, although plain, is honest. He is an old servant, and trustworthy; and I feel myself bound to serve him when an opportunity offers. He has served me in many a difficulty, and may often serve me again."

From this conversation I gathered that Augustus had seen the jolly man, and that the latter had thought twice before communicating certain matters to his principal. A certain interview, described in an early chapter of this history, had prepared me for this, and I was quite ready to believe that Augustus had a strong hold on the jolly man.

Shortly after I had posted my letter I received this line in return:

"DEAR MISTER HENRY—Stay where you are, but do not trust your protector. Beware, also, of the beautiful daughter you speak of. Time will reveal all. At present, I believe you are safe. Your true friend, MARTHA TIMBS."

This epistle convinced me that I had acted wisely in listening to the overtures of my uncle; and, after its receipt, I felt much more easy in mind than heretofore. My friends evidently considered that monsieur had some sinister end in view; but it was as evident that they held that end harmless for the time being. But one sentence threw me into an anxious perspiration—Beware also of the beautiful daughter you speak of. Beware of cousin Elizabeth! What could Mrs. Timbs mean by that sentence? Could Elizabeth be as bad as the stock from which she sprang? Impossible!

Why impossible? Because (I argued) Elizabeth was innocent and beautiful, and seemed akin to my love for beautiful things. These were stale arguments, and left me as anxious as ever.

Time passed on—I had been nearly a year with my uncle, before I ascertained that Elizabeth liked me and encouraged me; before I felt that I admired Elizabeth in one sense, and she adored me in another. We grew quite familiar, like brother and sister. My uncle encouraged this familiarity. For some reason or other, or for no reason, both treated me as if I were a full-grown man; and it was on this account, perhaps, that I at length began to fancy I loved my cousin. So time continued to pass on. My uncle was on or twice absent for short intervals.

One day, after dinner, Monsieur Charles lifted up his glass, and pledged me. He had done so once before, on a similar occasion, shortly after I had taken up my residence with him.

"Henry," he said, smiling, "this is your birthday."

The fact had struck me just before, and I nodded my head in the affirmative.

"This day, my dear nephew, you are eighteen years old. May I put a question to you?"

"Decidedly."

"A year ago we drank your health, at a time when you were not in the best of spirits. Tell me then, are you at length satisfied that you erred in treating us so cavalierly?"

I hesitated for a moment before answering. He smiled encouragingly.

"I am satisfied," I replied, "that you have treated me most kindly and considerately."

"You are quite satisfied, I hope, with the turn that affairs have taken?"

"I am more than satisfied."

"Bravely said! Here, then, in this wine, I pledge you increased health and happiness; and if the wish be not father to the words, may the lightning strike me to fragments—like this!"

He touched the wine, and then dashed the glass to fragments on the floor.

"And I, too," said Elizabeth, "wish you happiness and all prosperity."

We were quite a little family party. We stood on no ceremony, and did not encourage the humoring of sending the lady away with the pudding. I acknowledged the toasts gratefully, half ashamed that I had ever doubted so kind an uncle. Mind, I knew nothing of the world, and my troubles had come too early to make me very sharp-sighted.

Some little time after this—why or in what manner the feeling arose I know not—I became impressed with a consciousness that Elizabeth was setting her cap at me, and that monsieur, my uncle, was anxious that the cap should be set successfully. This consciousness was, to say the least of it, attended with consequences the reverse of agreeable. It re-awakened all the old dark doubts about monsieur, and rather upset my deep-rooted belief in the innocence and beauty of Elizabeth.

My uncle was sharp-sighted, and perceived the state of my feelings. Soon after this, the manner of Elizabeth entirely changed; it was cold enough to keep me at a distance, without offending me. Noticing this, with some spleen, I asked Elizabeth the cause. She was afraid she had been foolish, she said, and young ladies must be prudent. This answer, whatever effect it might have had on a cooler head, convinced me that I had been mistaken. Palpitation of the heart ensued. Now that the reverse seemed proved, I felt sure that she had not been setting her cap at me. I awakened at last to feelings which, in some respect at least, resembled true love. Close intimacy with her in the household, instead of interfering love, rather encouraged it. Elizabeth was so ladylike, womanly and beautiful, in the house and out of the house, that her presence impressed me with a delicious feeling of domestic repose.

She was, if anything, a little too tame and passive; but I was a slow boy, and did not debase either a coquette, or what old Aubrey calls "a handsome *bona roba* and *generosa*." Perhaps, indeed, it was her perfect repose that captivated my heart. I had been hunted and driven, storm-tossed, about the hard world, and longed for some cool, quiet oasis to rest and sleep in.

The influence of my uncle over my juvenile mind had become immense. I found myself unconsciously yielding to his judgment on all occasions. He twisted me round his finger, as it were, and made a puppet of me. Do you know that I felt a sort of fascinated pleasure in yielding to his arts? I was like one bewildered, entranced by the eyes of a snake. He seemed so knowing and clever, this uncle of mine. He was no ordinary man, and I could not help admiring him.

But one day he threw me into a fit of wonder by certain straightforward remarks. We were walking together in the shrubbery, and he was smoking his cigar.

"Henry," he remarked, "you will soon be of age. You are, I may say, a man now."

I looked at him, trying to guess his drift; but he was like a lake—all depth and coolness. He smoked for a moment without speaking, and then continued:

"You are nearly of age, Henry, and you are in love with my daughter Elizabeth."

I had never, even in my own mind, heard the fact stated so broadly before. It upset me to hear it stated with such carelessness. I glanced at the speaker, and began to stammer a denial.

"Pooh! don't prevaricate," he cried, patting me on the shoulder. "Confess it, like a man. You love your cousin. Come! there's nothing to be ashamed of; my girl is worthy of a grand duke."

"She is!"

"Ah! have I awakened your enthusiasm? Confess, then. You love her!"

I scarcely knew what to say. I blushed with all my blood, and trembled violently.

"You love her!"

"You could not help loving her. You tried to resist, but found it impossible."

This was bare truth; but his utterance of it amazed and disconcerted me greatly.

"Years ago, Henry, you told me of a little girl who was growing up for you, who was growing up to marry you. That little girl was my daughter Elizabeth. You see how Fortune brings these things about. You love your cousin, and you have been growing up to marry her. The ordeal of growth is reversed, but the end remains the same, and Fortune has done it for you."

He said all this in a cool and insentient yet fatherly way, never giving me time to reflect on his words; but I was quite embarrassed.

"She is good and beautiful," I stammered out, in my embarrassment.

"Exactly. Better by far than I am; prettier, though I say so, than most young women. I am pleased that you have complimented me by loving my child."

"What am I to do?" I cried. "I can't make out your meaning, uncle. Will you please explain?"

my own mind, that it existed. Monsieur never played useless cards; of that I was sure. His cards were either always hearts or well-placed knaves, and, with these, he seldom failed to win the game. But, in the present instance, I troubled myself little about his plans, and had sufficient food for reflection in the knowledge that I, a boy of eighteen, had popped the question to a beautiful woman, and been forthwith accepted.

Yes, strange as the words sounded to my ears, I was an accepted sutor, or, rather, an accepted husband in embryo, who was called upon to sue no longer. My cousin loved me! She would marry me! To think that, by the time I attained my majority, I might be the father of a family! I pictured, in my mind's eye, the announcement in the newspapers: "On Sunday, the —, at such and such a church, Mr. Henry Vachomich Brown, of Caverford, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Leonard Quarles, Esq., late of Paris." I even went so far as to wonder whether I should look so very young when dressed for the ceremonial.

One day, not long after I had made my proposal, and been accepted, I thought I would stroll past the village close by to the village further away, in which latter stood the cottage wherein I had sojourned with Augustus. A year had passed since I had left that strange circle in Little Leopard street. I had grown a good deal since then: I was a tallish, slight youth, with light blue eyes and fair, curling hair; and, as I dressed well, must have looked quite the gentleman.

So I sauntered along the country road, in a musing mood. It was spring time. Buds were blooming, birds were singing and the sun was shining brightly. I passed into the churchyard for a moment, and stood above the grave of the woman who, on her deathbed, had said she was not my mamma.

#### SACRED

##### "TO THE MEMORY OF —."

As I stood there, the whole occurrences of that autumn night came back to me. I was in the land of the dead, and I seemed in the land of ghosts. I trod on the green graves, some new-made ones, and they seemed to my tread like the cold clay of corpses. Of this iterated mystery of Life and Death! The sun rises, and the world slowly brightens to the zenith; and in an hour the shades are falling on the earth, and on our hearts, and the sunset, like the seal of God, is burning over the grave of day, with a forlorn *Hic jacet!*

I left the little churchyard with a bitter, not a softened heart; for, remembering the mystery of that grave and its occupant, and remembering what mine own eyes had seen above it, I rebuked myself for trusting in my uncle. But the feeling subsided, as it had done again and again before; for often, during the past year, I had strolled in my rambles to the churchyard, where my heart each time underwent the same change.

When I reached the further village, I rambled to the cottage where Augustus had lived. Glancing up at one of the upper windows, I met two wild eyes, which were looking at me fixedly through the pane, and I recognized the never-to-be-forgotten face of the man called Orname.

Surprised to find the man still living in that locality, so near to the abode of Monsieur Charles, whom Augustus seemed to have reasons for avoiding, I walked to the cottage door and knocked. The door was soon afterward opened by Augustus himself, who looked older by ten years than when I had seen him last. He was in mourning for some one. The black that he wore, and the weepers, were rusty and dingy, and he seemed a fit person to preside at the funeral where the pauper's bones were rattled over the stones so dismal. His cheeks were pale and sunken, and his eye was lowering and suspicious. He looked at me keenly for a moment, but did not appear to recognize me.

"Mr. Augustus?" I said, half doubtful of him, but holding out a gloved hand.

He glanced at me again, more keenly than before, and then the recognition came.

"Mr. Henry!"

"Come in," he said, shaking my hand quietly, as I entered the house.

He exhibited neither surprise nor pleasure at seeing me. He seemed to receive my visit in a prepared way, as a visit long expected. He led the way into the kitchen, which was empty and lifeless.

"I didn't seek you, or send for you," he observed, with a gloomy smile. "I knew well enough that your fate would lead us to again in good time, and I waited. You have come, and I'm glad to see you; but it would have mattered little had you stayed away. In the end, we should have met; so I waited."

"I scarcely expected to find you in this place. I was led to understand that you had an object in keeping out of my uncle's way. Yet I find you still living in the neighborhood."

"Come this way," he said, not answering.

He grasped my arm and led me into a little unfurnished front parlor, the window of which opened, pointing to the road.

"You see the road; it passes our door. It is the highway, and winds down from the North. What think you? That highway is our reason for staying here."

"Indeed?" I ejaculated, really surprised.

"Morning and evening, day and night, we have our eyes upon the road, one or both of us, watching. For Orname, whom you have seen, is still with me."

I mentioned the fact that, on entering, I had seen his face at the window.

"Of course you did," cried Augustus. "And why? Because I have said to Orname, whose mind grows clearer daily, that sooner or later one he knows will pass along here, from the North. Because I have bidden him watch for her and pray for her, and half her for me when she passes by. Well, you see, this serves two purposes. It not only serves the main purpose of keeping a sharp look-out, it supplies a new interest to the man's mind, and takes him from thoughts which drove him mad in the first instance."

"But you must sleep!" I put this in delicately, as a suggestion.

"Of course. What I meant to say was (but I spoke in figures) that, in this spot we, ourselves unseen, are in the best position to pounce upon an object for which we have been waiting long years. Knowing, as we do, that the person we seek is helpless and bound, and in prison, as it were, but that the moment she frees herself, she will take this road from the North and pass on. Knowing, as we do, that the hue and cry will be after her, and that we shall be prepared to watch for her long before she reaches here. Knowing, as we do, that the enemy has no power to harm us, and does not even dream of the existence of one of us."

I was afraid to ask what, or who, the object or person might be, for which, or for whom, they were seeking so eagerly; but he saw my embarrassment, and, eyeing me keenly, said,

"We are seeking for a mad woman."

"Mad?"

"They say so. And those who cannot help her, seeing her break her bonds twice, and twice be driven by irresistible instinct into the hands of the den, might hold her mad. Mad or sane, it matters little. We want her."

There was something sad and awful, not in Augustus's words, but in his manner. He was sad, like one pressed down with a great grief; he was fierce at the same time, like a lion preparing for a spring. He was not the Augustus of my childhood. He had grown less composure, and more dangerous.

Actors talk of piling up the agony; and we are preparing to do it with a vengeance. Ghosts shall arise to aid us. Living and dead will be with us. Then blood will be shed."

He spoke not passionately, but calmly and maliciously; and I followed him back into the kitchen.

"You wear mourning," I remarked, seeing he did not allude to the subject.

It was passion, anger, not grief, that he expressed on his dark face, as he answered,

"Yes; I wear mourning. Do you know for whom?"

"No, indeed."

"One for whom my heart had been in mourning many bitter years. One for whom I would have died gladly, if I could have saved her a tear. Mrs. Timbs."

I sprang to my feet, with a cry of surprise and wonder.

"Is she dead?" I asked, eagerly.

"Dead—and buried," he answered; "dead and buried six months ago. God bless her!"

"And you are in mourning for her," I said. "Why so?"

"Why so?" he repeated, mechanically, gazing with an air of abstraction into the grate. "Because I have long accounts to be settled in her name, and reciprocated with blood."

There was a great deal of blood in his allusions that evening.

"May I ask with whom this account is to be settled?"

"With your uncle, Mr. Henry, with your guardian. Her death has precipitated matters a good deal. She was wont to bid us wait in patience over certain wrongs which we were trembling to wipe out instantly. Now that she is dead, there shall be no delays."

I was surprised and frightened, for he seemed so deadly and bitter. Moreover, I was growing contented with my rich and easy life, and did not feel disposed at that moment to lose my cousin Elizabeth.

It was plain that a storm was brewing, which was destined to upset my prospects. So I did not look particularly pleased at the turn the conversation had taken.

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," I said, "that Mrs. Timbs is dead. She was a good and motherly woman. But perhaps it is better; she was very unhappy."

Augustus placed his hand on my shoulder, and there were tears in his eyes.

"She was my dear sister," he cried.

"Your sister?"

"Yes, Henry; and it is her wrong which has led me into your path, which has made your woes my woes, and given us a common revenge. You will understand this better soon. Enough to say, that the grass will not grow on her grave till I have settled accounts with the man who calls himself your uncle."

Stunned by the knowledge of this relationship, and sad with the news of the unhappy woman's death, I looked in a bewildering way at Augustus.

"My uncle?" I said. "What shall you do with him?"

"Kill him!"

"You don't mean murder? No; you are much too good for that?"

He laughed a hoarse laugh, but in a moment his face softened, and he drew his rough sleeve across his eyes.

"Too good, Henry?"

"You have always seemed so. I have always believed you good and kind."

"Henry, the kindness and goodness have long ago been beaten out of me; but it is the memory of a time when I was a tolerably good man that has made me anxious for your happiness. My poor boy, that happiness has not yet come, and I fear that I myself may be the means of dispelling some golden dreams you now entertain. Yet it is a duty, one for which you will thank me, when the time comes."

"I scarcely understand you," I murmured. "Of course, all this is a mystery to me. I even hesitate whether or not to inform my uncle that you have designs upon his life."

"Do so, then; and it will be of no avail. But do not imagine for one moment that it is your duty to do so. Did you know all, you would feel for Monsieur Charles a hate even more deadly than that of mine."

"I am, of course, puzzled again. I am always among the clouds when in your company."

"With regard to your wrong, I must be silent. With regard to my own, Henry, I will say thus much. Mrs. Timbs was, as I have said, my sister, and I remember a time when she was young and happy, and (as girls go) pretty. Innocent, too! Well, you are old enough to understand me, when I say that a man, whom she loved, deceived and spat upon her, and that that man, whom she died hating, was Monsieur Charles."

"Ah! I begin to perceive."

"She was innocent and poor, Henry, and he seemed so rich, respectable and soft-spoken, that she thought him an angel. He was a devil."

He clenched his teeth together and struck the table with his clenched hand. He looked so strange and eccentric, in his rustic mourning, that one labored under the impression that he was not sound in mind.

"He was a devil! He cast her from him, scoffing at her, and bound her, by a lawful bond, to a brute beast—Timbs. He bound her, for better, for worse, to a cowardly, mean, foul-spoken, beggarly dog—Timbs. He bound her to an ignorant, whining, thieving pettifogger—Timbs. Timbs was not to blame—he did not want a wife; but when he got her he spurned and abused her. He was a devil! He made her the wreck you saw. He was the author of the wrong which she died forgiving, and which I live to avenge."

I bent before this great torrent of passion, trembling.

"I shall kill him!" he cried. "Sure as the sun rises and sets, sure as Orname yonder raves with its rising, and sleeps with its setting; sure as Martha lived mourning, and died forgiving, I shall kill him! Aye, I'll grapple him, grasp him, and bear him with me to the grave to make atonement!"

"I regret to hear this," I observed. "I must think over it all."

I then intimated to Augustus that it was necessary for me to leave for home, lest my absence should be noticed and commented upon. He abjured me, as we shook hands, to think well of him, and to remember that he had always proved himself my friend. I was quite bewildered, and told him that I could promise nothing, hope nothing, do nothing. So I left him.

(To be continued.)

#### A UNION LETTER FROM THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Russian Minister, Mr. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on the 7th, and read to him the following dispatch:

ST. PETERSBURG, JULY 10.

Mr. De Stoeckl, &c., &c.:

Sir—From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America, you have been desirous to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union. The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon the country the most formidable of the scourges of political society—a civil war. For the more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, concurred under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which, up to this time, has made possible their power.

In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps even because of this diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional cord which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifice which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United they perfect themselves, isolated they are paralyzed.

I struggle which unhappy has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to co-exist in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and public riches, and a series of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall have come to a standstill between the two parties of the confederation, to end, definitely, in their mutual exhaustion, and, in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations.

His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government and the influential men of the two parties will seize all occasions, and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language and your counsels may contribute to this result, you will respond, sir, to the intentions of His Majesty the Emperor, in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign enthroned by the most friendly sentiments towards the American Union. This Union is not simply, in our eyes, an element essential to the universal political equilibrium; it constitutes besides a nation on to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other. I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express our views in this context. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wishes which a Majesty entitles him for the maintenance of that great work, so laboriously raised and which appeared so rich in its future.

It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the memoirs of the general Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation

may count upon our most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

Receive, sir, the expression of my very deep consideration.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

The Secretary of State has delivered to Mr. Stoeckl the following acknowledgment:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.

The Secretary of State of the United States is authorized by the President to express to Mr. De Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly and magnanimous sentiments of His Majesty on the subject of the internal differences which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated in the instruction from Prince Gortchakoff to Mr. De Stoeckl, and by him read, by His Majesty's direction, to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State. Mr. De Stoeckl will express to His Government the satisfaction with which the Government regards this new guarantee of a friendship between the two countries, which had its beginning to Mr. De Stoeckl renewed assurances of his high consideration.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

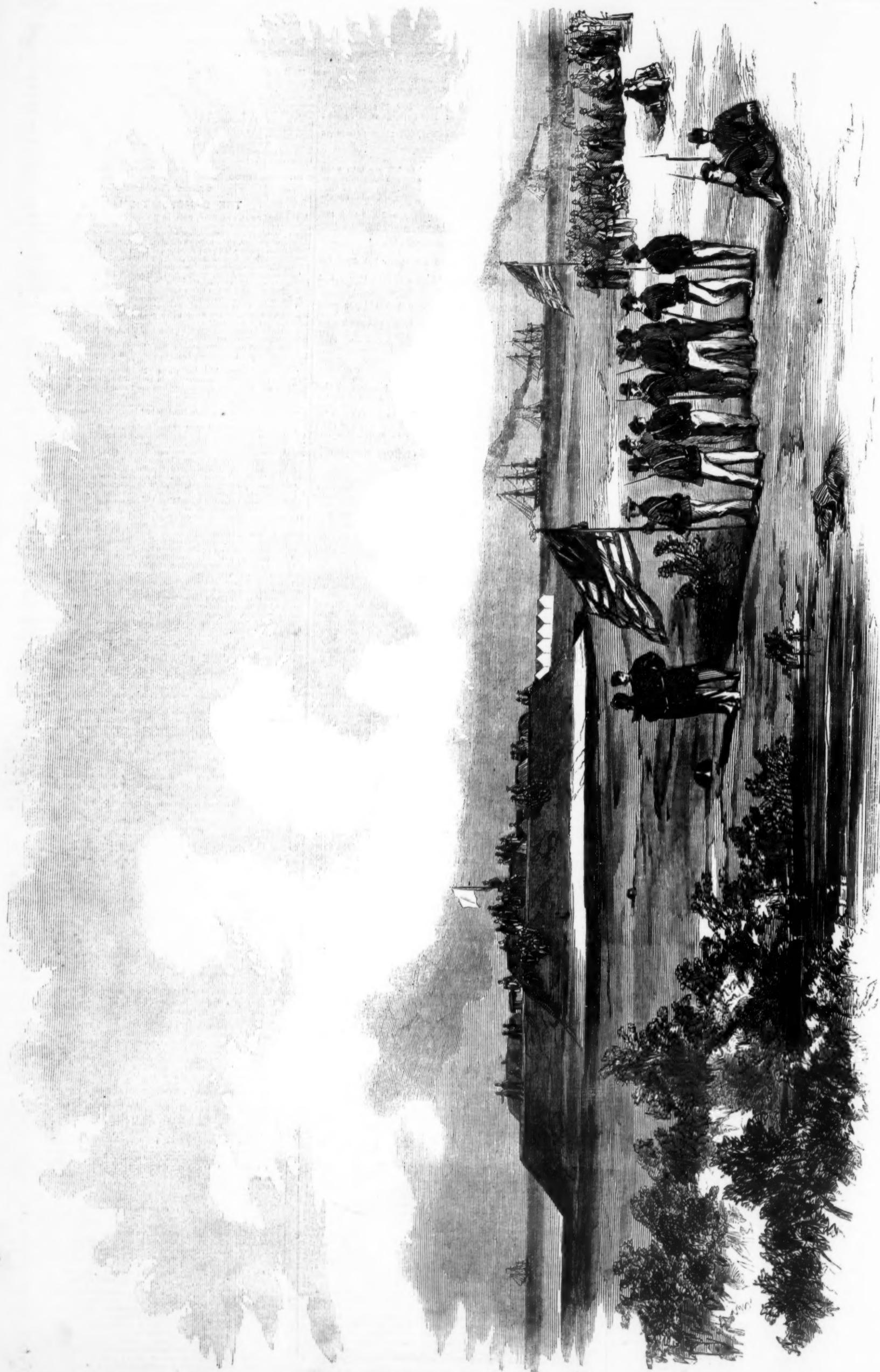
Mr. ED. DE STOECKL, &c.

THE GAMBLER'S CHARITY.

A PROFESSIONAL gambler, who, in Europe, is reckoned to be one of the most astute manipulators of cards of the present day, once found himself seated, with half a dozen acquaintances, at the same supper-table with Herman, the *prestidigitator*. The talk ran upon cards, and Herman displayed some of those tricks which are at the finger-ends of all who dabble in the magic art. The gambler looked on smilingly, and for some time said nothing. At length he turned to a gentleman who was sitting beside him, and said,

"These are very pretty tricks; yet I confess that I should like to play a game of picquet with Mr. Herman."

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GENERAL VIEW OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK, NORTH CAROLINA, CAPTURED ON THE 29th OF AUGUST, 1861, BY THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES UNDERR THE COMMAND OF COMMODORE STRINGHAM AND MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.—*From a sketch by — KAYMAN, one of the Expedition.—See page 284.*

Fort Clark

GENERAL VIEW OF FORT HATTERAS AND CLARK, NORTH CAROLINA, CAPTURED ON THE 29th OF AUGUST, 1861, BY THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES UNDERR THE COMMAND OF COMMODORE STRINGHAM AND MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.—*From a sketch by — KAYMAN, one of the Expedition.—See page 284.*



GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL THOMAS'S BRIGADE OF GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND, BY MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 284.

## AFTER THE FIGHT AT MANASSAS.

By Sarah Helen Whitman.

By the great bells swinging slow  
The solemn dirges of our woe,  
By the heavy flags that fall  
Trailing from the bastioned wall,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

By our country's common blame,  
By our silent years of shame,  
By our curbed and bated breath  
Under dynasties of Death,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

By the sin we dared disown  
Till its "dragon teeth" were sown,  
By the cause yet unavowed,  
By the fire behind the cloud,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

By our northern host betrayed,  
At Manassas' bloody raid,  
By our losses unavenged,  
Our dead heroes, heart-enthroned,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

For Rhode Island's gallant stand—  
For her "unconquerable band"—  
For the dear, familiar names,  
Now linked to old, historic names;  
*Te laudamus, Domine!*

For our boys that knew not fear,  
For their gallant Brigadier,  
For their leader, brave and young,  
For their praise on every tongue,  
*Te laudamus, Domine!*

By the hope that suffers long  
And grows through holy sorrow strong,  
By all the starry flags unfurled,  
For the last war field of the world,  
Gives us, oh God, the victory!—*Providence Journal.*

## THE CAPTURE OF FORT HATTERAS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post*, an officer of the frigate Wabash, gives a graphic description of the attack on Forts Clark and Hatteras, and their surrender. His account of the second day's bombardment is very spirited:

"In the morning at early daylight we were again astir. Again we led the attack, and fired the first gun upon the fort at long range. For three hours the firing was incessant from the heavy guns; the practice was perfect. The range was fully two miles—just the range of the fifteen-second fuse. The immense shells could be traced away in air, and falling plumb into the fort would create fearful bayonets as they exploded. Houses were torn to the ground; the embrasures were knocked out of all recognition. A legion of fiends could not have withstood such a storm of shells, much less the necessary raw artillerists who occupied the fort."

"It was a dead certainty—a escape—nothing but a surrender was left for them. At about seven o'clock in the forenoon a man stationed aloft shouted out that the enemy were deserting the fort and taking to the boats. A large fleet of mangled craft were in the Sound and began to move about uneasily. At the same time, with our glasses, we perceived a man rush upon the ramparts with the Secession flag, wave it frantically, and then toss it over the parapet, and then he ducked into the bombproof to escape a shell. Then, after the explosion, he rushed up, ran along the parapet with a staff in his hand, stuck it in the ground, and from it was displayed a white flag, and the surrender was announced. Cheer upon cheer rose from the vessels. 'Cease fire' passed from ship to ship, and to us a bloodless victory was again the result of a forty-eight hours' bombardment."

"Commodore Barron refused to surrender to the troops, but expressed his desire to deliver his sword to Commodore Stringham. He was, together with Major Andrews, put on board the Cadwallader, and taken on board the flagship, where he formally surrendered to his old friend and former brother officer. He says that the fire upon him was terrific. His magazine was on fire twice. The bursting of the shells completely demoralized his men, who fled whenever the smoke puffed from our guns. For the last hour and a half the shells burst constantly in the centre of the fort—sometimes three at a time. His best gun—a large rifled gun—was dismounted and rendered unserviceable by a shell striking it, and blowing the carriage into splinters."

"The casualties in the fort and water battery are as follows, according to the accounts which reach us: killed, 49; wounded, 51. Most of the wounded and killed during the first day's bombardment were sent in the night to Newbern and Washington."

"The fort, called by the rebels Fort Hatteras, was intended to be an effective one, and if it had been completed would have bid us defiance with some show of success. Within its walls and ready to be mounted were 21 guns of the heaviest calibre; three of them were heavy rifled pieces. They have evidently been lately received, and were in various stages of preparation for service."

"After the formal surrender, General Butler went on shore to arrange the terms of evacuation. Before sundown our troops were in full possession, our flag was saluted by the enemy's own guns, and the prisoners were transferred to the Peabody."

"I cannot express to you how earnestly we all hope the Government will not abandon a place which is of such vast importance to us. It is the key of the State of North Carolina, and to the ports north and south of this. There is direct water communication with Norfolk by bay craft. Captain Barron only arrived the morning of the second day, by steamer from that city. It makes in our hands almost a complete blockade of our North Carolina coast by itself. It will afford a harbor and coal depot for our small steamers during the winter months. With the possession of this port we can easily keep alight Hatteras lighthouse, and maintain the various lightboats and stations removed by the rebels. These things will make known, more than all else besides, that the Government is at last doing something towards the final restoration of its authority. As a basis for a line of operations no place could be more suitable or advantageous. We should keep and hold this place at all hazards."

## THE GUNBOATS AT CAIRO.

SEVERAL gunboats have been built for service on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which promise to be of great efficiency. They are all of the same model and arrangement.

Name.	Length.	Breadth.
Conestoga	200 feet	30 feet
A. O. Tyler	183 feet	40 feet
Lexington	183 feet	40 feet

They draw but 4 feet of water. Their armament is 10 guns each, 32 and 64 pounders, and each has 180 men. Their boilers are sunk in the hulls; bulwarks built of 6 inch oak plank; and the hull of each divided into 24 watertight compartments. They are not intended to engage batteries, but to cover the landing of troops, do scouting service on the river, maintain blockades, etc. The flotilla is under the command of Captain John Rogers, U. S. N. (son of Commodore Rogers), who has been in the service all his life, supported by Lieut. Phelps, in command of the Conestoga, and Lieut. Stembel in command of the Tyler. The sailing masters are Capt. Duble, of the Conestoga; Capt. Shaw, of the Tyler; and Capt. Hurd, of the Lexington—all old and experienced river captains.

## HOUSE OF DETENTION IN WASHINGTON

For Women under Arrest for Treason.

This house which the Federal authorities have assigned for the females, whose active complicity with the rebels has compelled the Government to place them under restraint, is pleasantly situated at the corner of K and 16th streets, Washington. It was the residence of Mrs. Greenhow, but it is now her prison, since she is considered as one of the most malignant of Secessionists. In addition to its once fair hostess, there are Mrs. Phillips, whose husband is the gentleman alluded to by Mr. Russell of the London *Times*, as writing letters in the Post Office to send to his Secession friends—her daughters, Fanny and Caroline, Mrs. Hetsel, widow of the late Captain Hetsel of the U. S. A., Mrs. Hossler, and two others whose names are not given. With his usual gallantry, Mr. Lincoln has merely deprived them of their visitors, correspondence and all egress to their friends. The extent to which females have been used by the rebels is almost incredible—indeed, it would seem as though the Southern Conspirators had degraded the sanctity of the sex by converting them into spies, *intrigantes* and traitors.

## UNION CAVALRY RECONNOITREING NEAR HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND.

THERE are few sights more picturesque than a detachment of cavalry winding along the road to some quiet little village. Nature and man seem then so little in harmony, that the contradiction becomes strikingly attractive. Our present number contains a scene of this kind—a detachment of Union cavalry, sent by order of General Banks, reconnoitring in the neighborhood of Hyattstown, a post village of Montgomery county, Maryland, and situated on Bennett's Creek, about 36 miles to the north-west of Washington. Thanks to the vigilance of General Banks, there are very few open Secessionists in that neighborhood now.

COLONEL ALFRED M. WOOD,  
of the Brooklyn Chasseurs, or 14th Regiment New York  
State Militia.

THIS gallant officer—who is now a prisoner in Richmond, having been captured at Bull Run—was born in the township of Hempstead, Long Island, about the year 1825. About eight years ago he joined the 14th Regiment, and in 1854 was elected Major. In 1856 he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and two years afterwards he became Colonel. For six years he occupied the responsible position of Collector of Taxes and Assessments for Kings County, and in 1859 was elected Alderman of the First Ward of Brooklyn by a large majority. The Board of Aldermen paid him the compliment of making him their President. When the Government called for troops to suppress the rebellion, Colonel Wood led his gallant men to defend the capital. At the untoward battle of Bull Run he was taken prisoner, and forwarded by the rebels to Richmond, where he still remains. He has a great taste for agriculture, and owns a farm of 70 acres in Queens county, Long Island, which he has made one of the model farms of that island. He has a wife and family.

## DOMESTIC ITEMS.

FOR a full fortnight before the ship Alliance sailed from Halifax, the telegraph from that place announced that the captain, a Charlestanian, openly boasted that he intended to break the blockade, and run his cargo into Beaufort. He has kept his promise, and a quantity of goods highly necessary has been delivered to the rebels. We had hoped the ostentation of the challenge would have tempted the naval authorities to have watched the Alliance. This also leads us to inquire how far the authorities of Halifax are carrying out the Queen's Proclamation of strict neutrality. The vessel was cleared for Cuba, but every one in Halifax knew she was intended for either Charleston or Beaufort. What was our consul about? Would it not be well to admonish the oath of allegiance to him?

AT one of the Saratoga hops, this season, a stray Secessionist, from the sunny South, wore a small Secession flag on her breast with the motto, "Shall we not protect our Cotton?"

MUCH sympathy was excited for one of the treasonable persons who, when taken to Fort Lafayette, had coal black hair and whiskers which in a few days became almost white. Remorse was believed to be the cause, but he explained that it was only deprivation of his accustomed hair dye.

THE Hartford *Courant* suggests that if Ben McCullough is not dead, his proclamation shows that he is lying still.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN lately took three German officers from Gen. Blenker's staff, and giving to each the promotion of a grade, attached them to his own staff. He did this, as he said, to show that the foreign and the native born had equal rights, as well as duties, in the suppression of this rebellion, and that the adopted citizens, so far as he was concerned, should share with the native born in the honors as well as the dangers of battling for the Republic.

MR. HAMILTON, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to the Government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has been invited by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, to visit Boston. In accepting the invitation, the Prince takes occasion to say: "For a long time I have cherished for America a profound sympathy, inspired by its grandeur and by its liberal institutions; and the cordial reception which I now meet, from so many of its most notable inhabitants, will leave in my heart a touching and enduring remembrance."

THE Italian Government has entered into a contract with Messrs. W. H. Webb & Co., shipbuilders of New York, for the construction of two iron-clad frigates. The price is about \$1,331,400. Of the two plans, English and French, as represented by the *Gloire* and the *Warrior*, the preference has been given to the French system. The ships are to be finished, at the contractor's risk, in two and a half years.

UPWARDS of 3,000,000 rations for the army of the Potomac are now stored in the receiving station at Washington. Some idea of the bulk of these rations may be formed, when we state that there are 18,000 barrels of flour, 9,000 barrels of beef, 2,000 barrels of pork, 500,000 pounds of coffee, 10,000 pounds of sugar, and 1,500,000 pounds of bread, with ham, crackers, vinegar, candles, soap and salt in proportion. An army of 250,000 men will consume all these rations in twelve days.

THE Cape Florida lighthouse has been blown up by the rebels, who have shown the spirit of Vandals in destroying these guides to commerce on the southern coast, built not for the benefit of the North alone, but of the whole world.

THE Union forces near Alexandria, Va., recently found six brass six pounders, buried in the ground there, a short distance from the railroad station. They were taken to Fort Ellsworth.

IN Utah the saints have undertaken the growing of cotton, and a considerable crop has been produced in Iron county, where a factory is in course of construction.

A MILLION of dollars have been placed in the hands of the Barings of London, subject to the drafts of our Ministers abroad, for the purchase of arms.

MARTIAL RIGOR.—The severities of military discipline are being rigidly enforced in Washington. We may regret the necessity which calls for their exercise, but the efficiency of the army, upon whose success hangs the fate of a great nation, is a consideration superior to all others. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* states that "about thirty volunteer soldiers" have been sentenced to be shot by the General Court Martial lately convened at Alexandria. This is probably a mistake; at any rate, but one sentence of execution has been issued. It concerns William Scott, of Company H, Third Vermont Regiment, to be shot for sleeping on his post. This sentence has been properly revoked, as we have commented on another part. Lieutenant-Colonel Francis B. O'Keeffe, of the Fifteenth New York Regt, was found guilty of drunkenness on three specifications, and of absence from his regiment without leave, has been cashiered and dismissed from the service.

THE SABBATH.—Major-General McClellan has issued the following general order concerning the observance of the Sabbath, by the army in and around Washington:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1861. }

The Major General commanding desires and requests that in future there shall be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commanded to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend Divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that officers and men shall alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as an idle form. One day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals. More than this, the observance of the Holy Day of the God of Mercy and of Battles is our sacred duty.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Times* states that Fremont's proclamation has the effect of deepening the dislike of our soldiers to the task of catching and returning runaway negroes. He says: "In one of the camps, two days since, a Virginian came the second time for a runaway, who was concealed by the boys. They had just had a supply of new shoes, and were making a charge when the man arrived. They ordered him out of the camp, but as he was reluctant to go, one threw his old shoes at him, and the movement was followed up by the rest of the soldiers, and he beat a hasty retreat amid a fire of leather in the rear, and cries of 'Get out, you liars that!'"

THE remains of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon were committed to the final resting-place in his native town of Eastford, Conn., on the 5th inst. Not less than 20,000 people witnessed the ceremonies. Hon. Galusha A. Grow delivered the oration, and addresses were made by Gov. Buckingham, Ex-Governor Cleveland, Governor Sprague, Judge Carpenter, Judge Colt, of Missouri, and others.

## SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Memphis *Argus* of August 24th publishes the following proclamation from the Mayor of that unhappy city:

"To the CITIZENS OF MEMPHIS.—Applications have repeatedly been made to me, as executive officer of the city, for protection against indiscreet parties who are sent out to impress citizens into service against their will on steam-boats. Many of these men have been dragged from their beds, wives and children, but never has there been a man taken who had on a clean shirt. I hereby no longer any citizen who may wish a pass within the city of Memphis to call on me, and I will furnish the same, and will see he will be protected. One poor man being shot yesterday by one of these outlaws, as they may be called, causes me to give the above notice.

"August 24, 1861.

JOHN PARK, Mayor."

This confirms, albeit in atrocious English, the truth of the statement that the disunionists have been impressing men into their service.

THE Richmond *Whig* states that "the fortifications erected around the city are of the most complete and formidable character, and, in connection with the masked batteries and mines at various points, would render the march of a hostile army hitherward an undertaking of great peril. One in a hundred might survive to depict the wiping out which these extensive works would certainly accomplish. A few bastions are yet unfinished, and upon the one a force of several hundred men are now engaged."

GALVESTON, in Texas, got incidentally bombarded on the 3d of August. The batteries of the place opened a fire upon one of the Federal steam-tenders at day-dawn, which was spiritedly returned. Commander Alden, of the blockading steamer South Carolina, waited for explanations or apologies till four o'clock in the afternoon. He then stood for the batteries, which again opened on him. After returning fifteen shot, the Commander, apprehensive that he would harm the innocent people of the town more than the rebels in the batteries, withdrew. The South Carolina was not struck. The foreign Consuls, headed, of course, by the English Consul, got up a protest, expressing their astonishment at and abhorrence of Commander Alden's inhumanity and violation of the laws of civilized warfare.

THE Mobile *Register* says that Gen. Braxton Bragg has been transferred from Pensacola to the Potomac, and is succeeded in command by brigadier General R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina.

THE Mobile *Tribune* of the 2d states that while men were employed in setting the dry dock ready to be raised at Pensacola, they were fired on from Fort Pickens—first a blank shot, then a solid shot, and then a shell. The last came near doing damage, and the men accordingly left speedily. The Tribune indignantly demands, "Is not this outrageous act, war?" It is certainly something like it.

THE Mobile *News* gives a brief summary of the new revenue act of the Southern Congress. It says: "The Secretary of the Treasury, under special condition, is authorized to issue notes not exceeding \$102,000,000 in Treasury notes. The act also provides for a tax of fifty cents on every hundred dollars worth of real estate, slaves, merchandise, bank and other stock, money at interest (excepting Confederate bonds). It also taxes at the same rate cash on hand, cattle, gold watches, gold and silver plate, pianos, pleasure carriages, &c. Any family whose property is less than \$500 is excepted from taxation. Colleges, schools and charitable institutions are also exempt. Said notes are to be funded in bonds, running for twenty years. Each State will constitute a tax division, under a chief collector, who will have superintendence of the collection operation."

THE army correspondent of the Louisville *Courier* (a Secession journal), writes from Manassas, under date of August 23d, as follows: "We still linger in possession of our dearly bought position, our forces occupying at present no more advanced lines than before the 21st of July. Aside from the moral effect upon the whole world, and that is momentous, our immortal victory has availed us but little. We barely hold our own."

THE rebels have been most anxious to rid themselves of the imputation of having resorted to a system of rigorous impressment, and have repeatedly denied the fact. They are condemned out of the mouths of their own witnesses. The Memphis *Academy* says: "In many cases acts of barbarity have been perpetrated, and not unfrequently farmers who were in the city on business have been seized, as well as heads of families, whose wives and children depend entirely upon them for support."

CAPITALISTS of New York, who own property in Virginia, have received official notice from the county clerks of the respective counties, that unless they acknowledge the sovereignty of the Southern Confederacy their houses and lands will be confiscated.

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* announces the passage of the following resolutions by a Vigilance Committee of that city:

"Resolved, That this Committee considers it highly inexpedient and impolitic for persons resident at the South to visit the free States of the Federal Government and return to our midst, and especially do we condemn visits of the same person."

"Resolved, therefore, That in future any resident of Charleston and its vicinity who shall go to any of the Northern States, unless with previous knowledge and consent of the Committee, shall not be permitted to return to our community under pain of such disabilities or punishment as the law may decree."

## WAR ITEMS.

A DIABOLICAL attempt to destroy life was made on the railway eight miles from Rolla, Missouri, on the 28th of August. A keg of powder had been placed on the track, buried beneath the surface of the soil, which was exploded by the detonation of percussion caps on the rails. The concussion was severe, blowing the engineer off the engine, and throwing up a large quantity of dirt; but no person was seriously injured, and no great damage done to the engine. The act was no doubt perpetrated by the miscreants whose system of warfare is the cowardly one of shooting pickets from ambush and firing volleys into railroad cars.

It is said that the Secretary of War, at the commencement of the battle of Bull Run, implored the 4th Pennsylvania regiment to "strike for their homes," and they did so at the rate of ten miles an hour.

CORPORAL DIX, of the 3d Iowa regiment, while out on a scout with five men, near Hicksville, Missouri, on the 29th of August, was surrounded in a farm-house while at dinner, by 25 rebels, who demanded the surrender of his party. This was refused, and the rebels made an attack upon them. The fight was severe, but the Federal troops maintained the position in the house, driving the assailants from the ground with the loss of seven killed and five wounded. Corporal Dix, on the Federal side, was killed, but none of the others were hurt.

THE following is a recapitulation of what has been done by the Navy Department, since the breaking out of the rebellion:

Vessels chartered.....	78
Steam sloops building.....	10
Gun-boats building.....	8
Vessels fitting out.....	23
Naval vessels on the way home.....	35
Vessels on blockade duty.....	12
Vessels on Pacific coast.....	84
Guns of blockading fleet on duty.....	697
Men of blockading fleet.....	9,212
Prices paid for purchased vessels.....	83,524.672

On the 1st of September five Union soldiers, stationed at Cedar Creek (Va.), accepted an invitation from some young ladies to dine with them at their residence, thirteen miles beyond our pickets. While there they were surprised by fifty mounted rebels, who, having been apprised of their engagement, surrounded the house and took them prisoners, dragging them out of a smoke-house in which they attempted to conceal themselves. Two of the men thus captured by the young ladies were privates in Col. Hecker's regiment, and three were in Col. Al. Alexander's. One of the former was shot near the house, and his body was recovered by our troops. The ladies had also invited a captain and lieutenant, but they were both on duty and unable to leave, and therefore escaped the trap.

THE following is the official report of the number of inmates of the Government Hospitals in and around Washington, Aug. 30: General Hospital, Washington, 144; Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, 183; Union Hospital, Georgetown, 183; Columbian College, 256; General Hospital, Alexandria, 136; Hospital Kalorama, 24. Total, 905.

ARMY AND NAVY.—The following is a list of vessels now (Sept. 10th) at the Brooklyn Navy Yard:

North Carolina.....	84
Brandywine.....	50
Minnesota (in the stream).....	50
Wyandotte.....	10
Crusader.....	10
Release.....	1
Rhode Island.....	2
James Adger.....	4
Satellite.....	2
Finstam.....	2
Na-va and Scopis.....	2
Valley City.....	4
Augusta.....	4
Gem of the Seas.....	4
F. B. Ira (in the stream).....	4
Total guns.....	233
The forces now in New York harbor sum up as follows:	
Governor's Island.....	300
Bedloe's Island.....	75
Fort Lafayette.....	80
Fort Hamilton.....	750
North Carolina.....	800
Brooklyn Marine Barracks.....	150
Vessels in harbor, about.....	900
Total.....	3,055

## PERSONAL.

COL. JOHN STROTHER, father of David A. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), a gentleman nearly 70 years of age, and an officer of the 1st U. S. Infantry in the war of 1812, proprietor of Berkeley Springs, Virginia, has been arrested by the rebels and imprisoned in Richmond, on account of his Union sympathies.

WILLARD'S HOTEL (Washington), under the management of Messrs. Sykes, Chadwick & Co., has already greatly improved. The table is better, and bills are actually made out now without any extra charges for articles which two guests have not had.

MRS. FANNY BURROWS, aged 93, a native of Groton, Conn., who was twelve years old at the time of the battle of Fort Griswold, and assisted in making garments for the revolutionary soldiers, is now knitting socks for the Rhode Island Volunteers in Providence.

AT last accounts Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy, was at Manassas, attending a sick brother, who is Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the Georgia regiments.

CONGRESSMAN ELY, of N. Y., one of the outlanders captured at Bull Run, is still at Richmond, and has to take his turn in cooking and carrying water for the prisoners.

MRS. ELLSWORTH, wife of Hon. Judge Ellsworth, of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, died at Hartford, on the 30th of August. She was the eldest daughter of the distinguished Noah Webster, LL. D.

ON the 4th inst., ex Governor Briggs, of Mass., at his residence in Pittsfield, in attempting hastily to take down a coat hanging in a room, discharged a gun standing behind it, the shot carrying away his left jaw, and inflicting a very serious if not fatal wound.

THOMAS W. ATKINSON, the well-known Siberian explorer, died at his residence in Lower Waimer, England, on the 13th of August.

GEN. BUTLER has written a letter to his ancient political associate in Massachusetts, in which he says: "When I left home I left all politics, in a party sense of the term, behind me, and I now know no politics in any sense, save as represented by the question, how best to preserve the Union and restore the country in its integrity. Peace is desirable to all, and to none more so than the soldier who has left his friends and his home to do his duty to his country. But however desirable, it is not to be purchased upon any terms save the recognition of the authority of the Federal Government over every inch of territory which ever belonged to it. Upon no condition whatever, other than this, would I consent to peace. A peace involving the disintegration of the Union, or under the supremacy of the Government is for ever established, would be simply a declaration of perpetual war of sections. Were the Southern Confederacy to day acknowledged in the fulness of good faith, two months would not elapse before causes of war would arise, sufficient not only to justify, but to demand a renewal of the conflict. No two months have passed, in the last ten years at least, in which outrages have not been committed upon Northern men in the South, which, had they been perpetrated by a foreign nation, would have demanded a redress of grievances, under pain of a suspension of diplomatic relations. But we have borne these outrages because there was no tribunal to the arbitration of which we could submit them, and it was against the genius of our people to appeal to arms. Therefore I see with pain, upon the part of some of those with whom I have acted in political organizations, a disposition to advocate peaceful settlements wherein there can be no peace. Therefore this war must go on, not for the purpose of subjugation—but if those who have commenced it bring upon themselves that condition as an incident, it will only be another illustration of the fruit of sowing the wind. Besides these there are no other policies."

MR. GERALD HALLOCK, who has so long been connected with the New York *Journal of Commerce*, has sold his interest to Mr. Stone, the commercial editor, and Mr. Prime, one of its chief contributors. The paper, under its new management, has been restored to the privileges of the mail, and it is understood that it will sustain the Government in the prosecution of the war.

BAYARD TAYLOR, who had been spending the last three months at Gotha, Germany, with the relatives of his wife, is expected home by every steamer. Immediately upon his return, he will join one of the divisions of the National army as the war correspondent of the *Tribune*.

It is stated by the Washington correspondent of the *Express* that an appeal to Mr. Lincoln has been drawn by an earnest and strong-minded Union woman, to desist, for the time, from pleasure-seeking and frivolous display.

COL. WALRATH of the 12th N. Y. Regiment, accused of cowardice at Bull Run, has been acquitted of the charge by the Court Martial convened to try him. The Court gives its opinion "that Col. Walrath showed himself on the occasion a good officer and a brave man."

DR. PALMER, formerly of the *Atlantic Review*, and who edited a

recent translation of Michelet's "L'Amour," is now a surgeon in the rebel army.

In a most delightful article on Lord Herbert, Mr. Willis, says, with a charming simplicity, fitting in keeping with his artless nature: "The romance of his life lay in the deep affection he entertained for Caroline Norton, which she is supposed to have reciprocated. Why they never married was known only to themselves. The surmises of friends, the conjectures of enemies, were equally at fault on that matter. They both guarded their secret jealously, seriously." The goose that put his head in the bush to hide the rest of its body, is nothing to an editor when he gives himself up to fine and fashionable writing. The secret, which was known only to themselves, and which they guard so sacredly, was known to all the rest of the world as well. Mr. Norton was married in 1827 to Mrs. Norton, and is still his wife. English noblemen, or dandies, are very great fools, but they are not such fools as heedlessly to indulge in bigamy.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Africa, off Cape Race, six days later intelligence from Europe has been received. She left Liverpool on the 31st of August, and Queenstown on the 1st inst. It is announced that the army in Canada is to be reinforced by 2,500 men, in the course of the present month. The London Times still harps upon the cotton question, and urges that the Government shall strain every nerve to develop the cultivation of the staple in India. The London Daily News has an article upon fugitive slaves, and concludes that the Federal cause is henceforward to be identified with the abolition of slavery. News of the exploits of the Sumter had been received from the West Indies. It is reported that the privateer has captured forty vessels and destroyed them, causing great excitement there. Queen Victoria had left Ireland for Balmoral. Wheat and corn are to be admitted into the ports of France, temporarily, free of duty. The subject of brigandage in Italy has been made the matter of a diplomatic circular from Baron Riccasoli, who says that the trouble in the Neapolitan provinces is inspired from Rome; he asserts that the Government will not pause in its efforts for the unity of Italy. Cardinal Antonelli is preparing an answer to the circular. A pamphlet on Rome has made its appearance in Paris, and created a sensation. An appeal is to be made to the people in case the Pope refuses to make the guarantees demanded. The affairs of Hungary remained unchanged. Finland demands a separation from Russia. The Emperor of Russia has sent a rescript to Poland, very conciliatory in its tone. Cotton and Breadstuffs were firm. Provisions dull. Consols 92½ @ 92½.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE following table shows the population of the various British Australian Colonies, exclusive of aborigines:

New South Wales and Queensland.....	265,503	342,062
Victoria.....	77,345	530,262
South Australia.....	63,700	127,000
Western Australia.....	5,826	14,837
Tasmania.....	68,609	90,000
New Zealand.....	22,408	61,263
Total.....	503,451	1,165,424

THE mounted diamonds of the late Sultan of Turkey have been brought to the "hammer" in London, a strange transformation, which the wiles of Arabian Nights' dreamers could hardly have dreamt of. The first day's sale realized nearly £9,000, gold-mounted snuff-boxes forming the prominent objects of the sale.

THE Manchester Cotton Supply Association is getting to work in Egypt. The principal hindrance are the want of labor and capital. Machinery must supplement the labor of the human hand, and advances to the natives will be the means of giving them capital and stimulus, too.

WHILE the dividends of the great English lines are retrograding, French railway property is rapidly improving. The shares of the leading French line—the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean—have advanced from £300, at which they stood in January, to upwards of £1,000. now. In the same period the London and North-western stock has receded from 101 to 91.

A LATE London paper states that the silver belt presented to Hesman, but not paid for at the time of presentation, and therefore not retained by him, was sold by public auction amongst a stock of unredeemed pledges. It was knocked down at 51 guineas. The original value of the belt was 100 guineas, and it weighs between 50 and 60 ounces.

WHILEST the Emperor of France was at Vichy, he was taking a walk on the banks of the Sichon and lost his way. A laborer chancing to pass at the time, His Majesty made the necessary inquiry of him.

"Second to the right and then first to the left, Sire," said the man.

"What! you know me?"

"Yes, and have had the honor for years past."

"Where?"

"Your Majesty, of course, does not remember me, but you were once the cause of my passing two days in the black-hole; for when you were at Ham I was a soldier there, and was punished for passing you in a pound of tobacco."

"Well," said the Emperor, "it shall be my turn now," and in a few days afterwards the man was installed in a well-stocked tobacconist's shop.

THE London Spectator has this paragraph under its heading of "News of the Week": "The American Congress has voted the men and the money required by the President, and twenty per cent. more, and the House of Representatives has affirmed by 92 to 55 that it is 'no part of the duty of officers to capture fugitive slaves.' The hand moves slowly on the dial, but it moves, and when the finger passes the hour, the knell of Slavery will ring out with a clang which will startle Europe."

IT is sometimes supposed that imprisonment for debt has been almost abolished in England, but the official returns show that in the past year there were committed to the prisons of England for debt and on civil process no less than 11,068 men and 639 women, in all 11,707; and large as the number seems, it never was so small in any year since 1856. In the five years, 1851-55, the annual average was 7,347; and in the five years, 1856-60, it has been 13,830.

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IT is the battle of human freedom which the North is fighting, and which should draw to them the sympathy of every Englishman, and make him cast to the winds all Morrill tariffs and angry talk about Canada, all bad manners and hard words. If the North is beaten, it will be a misfortune such as has not come on the world since Christendom arose. An empire will be founded in these Southern States on the simple base of slavery, having no other starting point or principle whatever than their right to enslave men of their own flesh and blood. It is of no use to speculate upon what the acts and policy of such a state will be. The world will see that soon enough, should it arise. Meanwhile the Northern States stand alone between us and it, and the greatest misfortune which can happen to us and to mankind will be their defeat. God grant that they may hold on, and be strong! God grant that they may remember that the greatest triumphs have always come, and must always come, to men through the greatest humiliations. God himself could not set men free but by this rule."

THE French Court of Cassation, corresponding to our United States Supreme Court, has just pronounced a decision of considerable importance as respects religious freedom. It amounts to this, that Protestants may lawfully educate their own children by the employment of private tutors. Strange as it may appear at this date, the right to do so was heretofore denied by the ecclesiastical authorities, and two inferior courts gave decisions in favor of the latter. The dispute arose in the department of Haute Vienne, whose people feel joyous over the great victory.

THE deepest deposit of guano is 70 feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation, it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed.

IT is said the proprietress of the Soho Theatre is the celebrated Albina di Rhos, a Serbian Princess.

THE Siamese Ambassadors know nothing of European art. The Emperor has ordered for the galleries at Versailles a large painting representing their official presentation at Fontainebleau, and in it, of course, the artist has been obliged to represent some of them only in profile. But they made vehement objections to being made to figure, to use their own expression, "with only one eye!" The artist remonstrated with them, and at last, though not without great reluctance, they consented to be painted in profile; but they only did so on the express condition that a certificate should be given to them, in French and Siamese, to the effect that it was not of their own free-will that they were represented with one eye only.

## THE DRAMA AT HOME.

THEATRICAL affairs in the city, notwithstanding "the times," look well for the coming season. The principal event will, of course, be the opening of Wallack's New Theatre, which is expected to take place about the 20th inst. The edifice, in its interior arrangements, will combine all the improvements, as regards comfort and acoustics, which the experience of the veteran manager can suggest. It is arranged to accommodate a large audience, without sacrificing that air of coziness essential to the proper enjoyment of the play, be it tragic or comic, and which gave to the "old stand" in Broadway a principal charm. Ample provision has been made for the exit of the audience—an important consideration in all respects, but especially as regards the danger of fire. Mr. Wallack, it is understood, will retain all the established favorites of his old troupe, besides infusing some new blood—an annual necessity, by the way, in every theatrical company. The opening piece will be a new one from the pen of Tom Taylor, the author of "Our Yankee Cousin," "Seven and Nine are magic numbers. Miss Kean's "Tum" on the first, and will this season substitute "The Seven Sons" for "The Seven Sisters,"

which had so long and profitable a run last season. She opens on the 16th, with a company consisting of herself, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Lotty Houch, Miss Sarah Stevens, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Marlowe, Mrs. Dillon, Miss Burke, Miss Frances, Miss Everett, Mr. Burnett, Mr. H. F. Daly, Mr. Lovick, Mr. Peters, Mr. Dillon, Mr. G. H. Stoddart, Mr. Marlowe, Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Bibby and Mr. Richardson..... Mrs. John Wood opened the Winter Garden successfully, on the night of the 9th, with a grand spectacular piece, "Cinderella," in which Mrs. Wood's voice finds excellent play. She is efficiently assisted by Miss Ada Clifton, Mrs. Bascomb, Mrs. W. H. Blake, Miss Lothian, Mr. Webb, Miss Baker, Mr. Dolly Davenport and Mr



A RECONNOITREING DETACHMENT OF GENERAL BANKS'S CAVALRY—HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND, IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 282

**FORT HATTERAS, NORTH CAROLINA.**

In the second edition of our last number we published a sketch by Mr. Kaufman, of Max Weber's regiment, representing the bombardment of Fort Hatteras. We now present our readers with one of the Fort, taken since it has been in the possession of the Union troops. We have given so full a description of the Fort, that we have now only to add a few facts. Our map last week has made the public familiar with its location, which is on the inner side of the north-western bank of Hatteras Inlet, commanding the approaches from Pamlico Sound, and, in conjunction with Fort Clark, from the Atlantic. Since it has been in our possession we have made it much stronger by additional works, more guns, and an entire alteration of plan. More we are not at liberty to add. The strip of sand on which it is built varies in width from about 800 yards to about a mile and a half, and is spotted here and there with a kind of scrub oak, which at first

were considered masked batteries. Our correspondent informs us that "the mosquitoes are something worse than rebels, and much harder to beat, for they stand their ground manfully, and have drawn more blood than their Southern fellow-creatures, the Secessionists."

Fort Clark, where the Ninth regiment, under Colonel Hawkins, is stationed, is about 700 yards to the north of Fort Hatteras, and is also materially strengthened since the 29th of August. With the vessels of war anchored in the offing, and inside the Inlet, all attempts to recapture either of these forts would be abortive in the present condition of the Confederate Navy. Since they have been in our hands nearly a thousand of the North Carolinians have come forward and taken the oath of allegiance; and the fact that the rebels have abandoned Fort Morgan on Ocracoke Inlet, about ten miles to the south, is evidence how little the Confederates rely on the adherence of North Carolina.

**GENERAL BANKS REVIEWING GENERAL THOMAS'S BRIGADE, NEAR SANDY HOOK.**

OUR Artist, now with Major-General Banks's staff, was present, a few days ago, at a very interesting review, near Sandy Hook, Maryland, the headquarters of General Banks. We are not justified in giving the full particulars in the present juncture of affairs, and consequently only add that the admirable manner in which General Thomas's brigade acquitted itself drew forth from General Banks the highest encomiums. It was a beautiful and striking scene—the thundering tramp of the artillery as it rattled past the General and his staff, while the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance formed a background at once massive and grand. Although General Banks has seen no active service, he has in him all the qualities which make a great soldier. It was a deep misfortune to the country that he did not assume his present position three months earlier.



"FRESH BREAD!"—IMPROVISED OVEN BUILT BY THE NINETEENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, IN GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 278.

for you, my lord, and Lady Kingswood, and my dear cousin Cyril, I hope and I pray that it may be for myself, the prospect only looks gloomier than ever." "Why so, Maud?" he asked, regarding her with grave, almost stern attention.

"Because, my lord," she answered, "I presume your views respecting the disposal of my hand undergo no change."

"I have not, Maud," he replied emphatically.

"Nor have mine, my lord," she returned, with equal firmness.

He started, and thought of Eric, and he bit his lip. Could there be method, after all, in Philip's madness? He fastened his eyes upon her face to see if he could read there any clue to the truth of Philip's assertion; but he saw that it was pale and transparently white. He noticed, however, that her eyes were fixed upon some object resting upon his library table, and he followed their gaze with his own.

He was looking at a key—a large, old-fashioned, time-blackened key—the key of the chamber in the eastern wing.

"Why do you so steadfastly regard that key?" he interrogated, sharply. "Do you know it?"

"I do not," she said, laconically.

A faint blush spread itself over her face. She did not know it by sight, yet some strange instinct told her that it was the key that kept Eric in confinement.

"I am reminded," said Lord Kingswood, musingly, "of a statement which has been made to me. It is so preposterous, so wholly incredible, that I do not, I confess, award it scarcely a particle of credit. I am anxious that Lady Kingswood should know that I am here. I am very desirous of having some conversation with her. You will please to say, Lady Maud, I must confer with her. I have to impart is of the greatest import to her and to myself. I shall, therefore, be glad if you would name the earliest moment for me to attend her. Impress upon her ladyship that I can find no excuse, attend to no denial. Your ladyship will be good enough to seek Lady Kingswood once, and bring to me an answer at the earliest possible moment."

Lady Maud in silence obeyed him and proceeded to Lady Kingswood's chamber. Her vision

was painful to both, and little likely to end in a solution satisfactory to either. I bring you a message—"

"My dear Maud, you erroneously interpret my words," interposed Eady Kingswood. "I do not deny that what I am about to say will necessarily have some bearing upon the subject of our last conversation, but it will take an entirely new form altogether, and, perhaps, will have as little effect, because it will come to you in the shape of advice."

Lady Kingswood paused for a moment, for her voice faltered at the last word.

Lady Maud did not speak, but the word "advice" had a strange, unpleasant sound in her ear.

Presently Lady Kingswood said,

"Maud, you have a heart young, guileless, pure, innocent and unsullied. You have been, fortunately, less surrounded by the frivolities of your station than many of your sex moving in the same sphere. You have been spared, therefore, the temptations which accompany flattering attentions, low-breathed words, fascinating glances and personal devotion of individuals of your own age, but of the opposite sex. I say temptations, because it is pleasing to poor human nature to create a sensation; especially is it attractive to woman's nature. She hears with inward delight that she has fascinated many, and beholds with silent exultation the homage paid to her by some whose court is held by the vain and self-loving to be highly flattering, when it should be deemed humiliating. Having once permitted herself to become intoxicated by adulation and by admiration, she looks for these servile compliments from every fresh introduction, and if they are not at once accorded, she tries to secure them by miserable artifices derogatory to her self-respect. Retorted to one, she seeks to command the worship of a host; she ceases, eventually, to care for any one human being, even him to whom she may be united by the

ties too exacting to make. If it would be joy to live for him, so would it be to die for him, did his happiness or his honor need it. This is woman's love. You have already told me, Maud, that you love. Do you, in my description, find an illustration of your own?"

"I do—I do, Lady Kingswood, in very earnest truth I do," cried Lady Maud, excitedly. "If I am young, if my youthful hopes and aspirations are susceptible of being deceived, I am not deceived in that I love. Cheerfully, Lady Kingswood, will I part with home, name, rank, wealth, all for him. I have no reserve—I have not known parents to love. I have ever felt a tender attachment for you, dear Lady Kingswood, but where my heart's bestoweth there rests my love. My deep attachment rests not in what he has said to me, in the way he has acted to me, in the service he has rendered me, in the tenderness he may have professed for me. It is not that he is handsome in person, noble in mind, generous in thought, and spotless in his honor that I love him. I have seen those qualities in others without being affected by them; in him they are attributes which add to the force of my affection. But, oh, Lady Kingswood, is it wrong of me to say—that—that—if he possessed none of these high qualifications, I should still love him?"

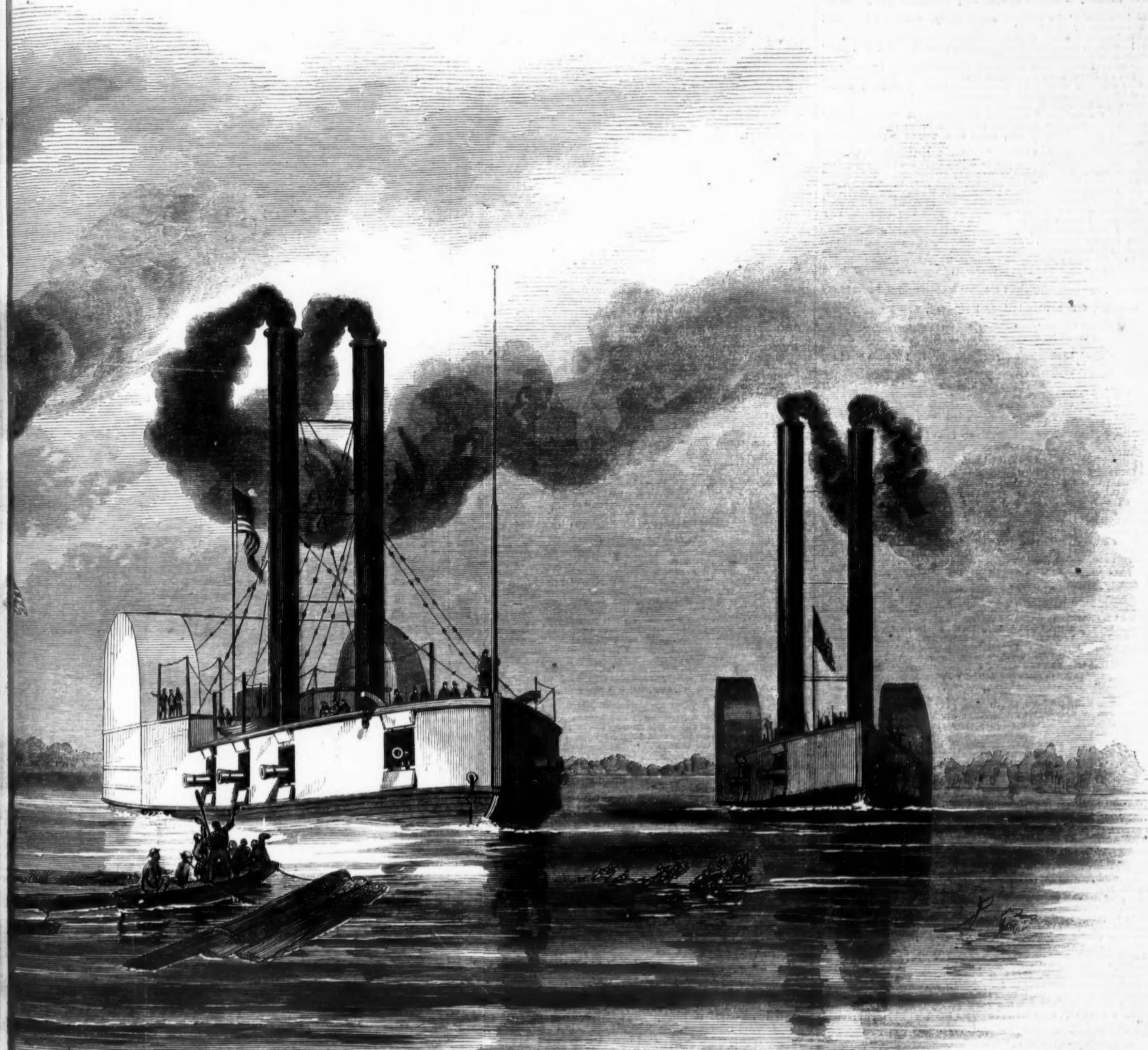
"He would never have won your love without them, Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood. "Yes—yet—"

Lady Maud's hand trembled on her shoulder, as she murmured,

"Oh, Lady Kingswood, do I not love? I am not deceived—I am not deceived. I have no other thought—no other hope than what is centred in him, and if I live not now, then shall I never love!"

"I fear, Lady Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood with a shudder, "it is even as you say. You have surrendered your maiden love—it is lost irreversibly—"

"Not lost! Oh, no, Lady Kingswood," interposed Lady Maud—"given



COMMAND OF CAPTAIN JOHN ROGERS, U. S. N.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 282.

led by the phantom of a large antique key, which she would have given worlds, if hers, to have had in her possession for one solitary hour. Maud had but little specialit and less inclination for the task imposed upon her by Lord Kingswood. She had not seen Lady Kingswood since she had delivered to her, with such warmth and earnestness, the lecture upon the rights of duty over the heart's fondest affection—duty, not in terms of morality, but in the interest of family arrangements. Lady Kingswood had spoken to Maud, and even harshly; notwithstanding that she had lowered her haughty and angry brows before she quitted her, the remembrance of its heat had kept her from aspiking her eyes as she had done to repose or when she had risen from her couch in the morning.

She found Lady Kingswood in her sleeping apartment, pacing slowly and thoughtfully. She was as Maud entered, and stood motionless. Her face was very pale, and seemed to be thin and worn, far more so than Lady Maud had ever seen it, even in the worst paroxysms of grief she had experienced on quitting London for Brighton.

Lady Maud hesitated, and then stood still, also uncertain how to address Lady Kingswood; and, advanced at her face to see whether she was still in an angry mood with her, but to her amazement, she saw that all Lady Kingswood's hauteur, all her pride, all her stern anger had faded, and she seemed to be deeply dejected and utterly spiritless.

Lady Maud's reserve vanished. She ran up to Lady Kingswood and took her hand—it was cold, as Maud entered, and stood motionless. Her face was very pale, and seemed to be thin and worn, far more so than Lady Maud had ever seen it, even in the worst paroxysms of grief she had experienced on quitting London for Brighton.

"Pray do not weep, Lady Kingswood," she murmured, "you distress me deeply to see you so unhappy. Tell me, I entreat you, what I have done to make you speak to me thus. I am unconscious of having—"

"Hush—hush," suddenly interrupted Lady Kingswood, looking up to her with weeping eyes. "I have never charged you with conduct such as I have described. Nay, I know that you have never been guilty of it. I only speak to you in words of caution. We change, Maud; time, circumstances, change us. There are thousands who, in their days of innocence, have never dreamed what guilty things they should become. A girl so young as you, Maud, is too prone to be deceived respecting the surrender of her heart. She is fascinated, attracted, and believes she loves. When to her it she finds out her mistake when it is too late to repair the error. When she does love, her heart is drawn from her despite her efforts to the contrary. She knows when she really loves, when she finds that no mortal joy, no good, no place, no position is preferable to her without the presence or the association of him who has won her love. For him no heart-offerings or wealth-offerings are too great, no sacri-

freely and fully, and meeting with a rich response. You will yet live to corroborate me upon its possession."

Lady Kingswood shook her head, and murmured,

"That will never come to pass."

"You have indeed," responded Lady Kingswood, with a sigh.

"And now, Lady Kingswood, will you consign me to the horrible fate of giving my hand to Philip Aron, a creature for whom I entertain sentiments of the most painful antipathy?" asked Lady Maud, a most triumphantly.

"No—no!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, hurriedly.

But the large tears stood thickly in Lady Kingswood's eyes.

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, sadly. "All with yourself, you have implicit faith in the truthfulness of others. What if, after professing the deepest attachment to you, Maud, you hereafter discover you have been duped, tricked, coaxed, that this long course of professed love has been a studied plot? that while following his covetousness on you, he has been lavishing them upon another? that he has deceived, wronged, shamed, you, blighted your happiness, blasted your fame, and made you a笑, a mockery, a finger-point?"

"In the name of Heaven, do not conjure up such horrible conceptions!" cried Lady Maud, with a shudder. "It is not possible that any living being could have acted so wickedly."

"It is not only possible, Maud, but it is nearer to you than you dream," returned Lady Kingswood. "For yourself and your unhappy attachment, I assure you, Maud, you hereafter do over you have been duped, tricked, coaxed, that this long course of professed love has been a studied plot? that while following his covetousness on you, he has been lavishing them upon another? that he has deceived, wronged, shamed, you, blighted your happiness, blasted your fame, and made you a笑, a mockery, a finger-point?"

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loving, and tender of your happiness, no devotion, no services of affection, no thoughtfulness to secure his earthly felicity, no constancy of ministration to his comfort and to his joys which you can bestow upon him, can overpay his deserts. Be sure, too, that all your solicitous efforts to secure his happiness will end in the accomplishment of your own."

Lady Kingswood sank into a seat, as if exhausted by her efforts to converse as much as by her emotions.

Dear Lady Maud was much affected by Lady Kingswood's concluding words.

Frequently Lady Kingswood lifted up her downcast head, and said,

"I'm ill, dear Maud, and unable to maintain a conversation further with you. Come to me about this time to morrow, I—I will talk with you again?"

"Shall I send for medical advice for you, Lady Kingswood?" asked Lady Maud, hastily.

"No—no," returned Lady Kingswood, in a low, sad tone; "my illness is of the mind, Maud."

"Has aught specially disturbed your mind this morning?" inquired Lady Maud, hesitatingly.

"No," replied Lady Kingswood. "Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Philip Avon has been here," she replied, in the same manner. "I thought you might have had an interview with him, and his rudeness—"

"No," replied Lady Kingswood; "I have not seen him, nor have I been informed of his arrival. I do not wish to see him; and if he should inquire for me, you will please give instructions that he be informed I am not well and cannot be disturbed."

"I will do as you wish, Lady Kingswood," answered Lady Maud; "but before I depart, let me remind you that you have made no allusion to my errand to you."

"What errand?" inquired Lady Kingswood, almost listlessly.

"It was a message from Lord Kingswood," returned Lady Maud.

She was startled by the manner in which Lady Kingswood sprang from her seat.

"Lord Kingswood?" she repeated, almost wildly. "When did it come?"

"How? who brought it? what is it?"

"Lord Kingswood is here," replied Lady Maud, with an air of surprise.

"Here I—What at Kingswood Hall—beneath this roof with me! me! me!" she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis.

"In the name of mercy, Lady Kingswood, what has happened?" cried Lady Maud; "you terrify me when you look in this way at me. Lord Kingswood wishes very anxiously to see you; he requested me to say that he had some matters of the utmost importance to communicate to you."

"I comprehend his lordship's anxiety to see me,"

"Indeed, Lady Kingswood," responded Lady Maud, "his lordship begged of me to prevail upon you to grant him an interview; he has something to communicate to you, which, he said, would be calculated to restore you to your native health and spirits."

"Some cunningly forged lie, no doubt," rejoined Lady Kingswood, bitterly: "some cozening, speciously-framed tale to delude me. But I have heard too much already, and wish not to have it crowned by his justification of himself."

"I know not what to say, Lady Kingswood," said Lady Maud, with a perplexed air. "Both your lordship and Lord Kingswood speak to me in riddles. I am at a loss to understand what is meant beyond that Lord Kingswood desires greatly to confer with your lordship, and your lordship seems very much indisposed to comply with the request."

"What if I were to see him, he cannot alter the past?" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, between her teeth; "he cannot make reparation for a wrong that is irreparable; he cannot expiate that which is unatoneable. He may attempt to patch up and mend a broken heart, but he cannot make it whole again."

"Yet would it not be at least kind to hear him?" urged Lady Maud.

Lady Kingswood shook her head.

"His lordship said something about asserting his prerogative," added Lady Maud.

"Ho! threats, does he?" said Lady Kingswood, with a contemptuous smile.

Lady Maud clasped her hands appealingly, but said nothing further.

Lady Kingswood mused for a minute, and then suddenly, and with a strange emphasis, said,

"Well, Lady Maud, he shall have his prayer granted. I will see him! oh, yes! I will see him!"

"When?" inquired Lady Maud, eagerly.

"To-morrow, Maud, to-morrow; just one hour after you have visited me," she replied, with a peculiar expression. "Say to-morrow—and now leave me! I shall faint if I attempt to carry on this conversation longer."

She warmly, passionately embraced Maud, and then, pointing to the door, sank, sobbing hysterically, into a chair.

Lady Maud, gazing at her sorrowfully, slowly retired from the apartment.

#### CHAPTER LXIII.

NEITHER Lord nor Lady Kingswood had spoken to Lady Maud in direct terms of Eric Gower; both had alluded to him; but while the first had promised to recur to the subject again, the latter seemed to have exhausted it and intended to return to it no more—nay, she had done more, for she had abandoned all wish to see her master to the odious Philip Avon.

She knew well that Lord Kingswood, incited to address her on the hateful subject of Philip Avon, would first speak of it as a matter settled—would, moved by her hostility, proceed to reason with her, then argue with her, and ultimately conclude by sternly commanding her to fulfil his injunctions. Philip, on the other hand, would sneer at Eric, taunt her, scoff at, insult her. He would defiantly denounce her rejection of his hand, and address her as if she were already his.

She therefore addressed a note to Lord Kingswood, in which she pleaded her own weak health as an excuse for not conveying to him Lady Kingswood's answer in person. She then communicated Lady Kingswood's assent to meet him and the time she had appointed for the interview.

Anxious as Lord Kingswood had been to have an interview with Eric after his arrangement with Sir Harry Stanhope and his conference with old Pengreep, he was grievously disconcerted to find him at Kingswood Hall.

He had a strange, almost insuperable repugnance to meet him alone in the ancient chamber in which he had caused him to be confined, and an almost equal unwillingness to put to him a proposition which, if he accepted, would be a surrier of his birthright, beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall.

He did not wholly give up his original intention of seeing and conversing with Eric alone before he despatched him to London; but after some consideration determined to postpone the interview until the following day.

He fancied that it would have a salutary effect upon the youth to keep him for four and twenty hours at least in solitary confinement. Lord Kingswood believed that, vexed by confinement and neglect, Eric would be tempted to listen to reason—that is, reason from his lordship's point of view. So he decided that he would not seek an interview with him until the following morning.

While deeply absorbed in these ruminations, Lady Maud's maid, Harebell, appeared with the note her young mistress entrusted her to carry to him. She placed it in his lordship's hand, and stood still, close to the library table, while he perused it, as if waiting for a reply.

She, too, fastened her eyes upon a large antique key which lay within reach of her fingers.

Lady Kingswood read the note with seeming satisfaction. A cold, proud smile curled his upper lip as he said to the girl,

"You will present my thanks to Lady Maud St. Clair, and inform her ladyship that the appointment shall be kept."

"If you please, my lord," said Harebell, curtsying, "Benson, the gamekeeper, who is watching the door of the goblin room in the eastern wing, told me to ask your lordship whether the young gentleman who had been put in there is to have anything to eat while he remains?"

"Oh, by all means; certainly," replied Lord Kingswood, quickly. "Let refreshments be served to him at regular intervals."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Harebell, slightly raising her voice, "but Benson says, if the young gentleman is to have dinner served up to him, how is he to take it to the room while the door is locked?"

"Oh, aye, true—I forget," responded Lord Kingswood, taking up the key, which seemed to fascinate Harebell in so strange a manner. "This is the key of the room; give it to Benson," he said, handing it to her. "Tell him that on no account, nor on any price, is he to permit the inmate of that room to leave it, nor is he to admit within it any other person than himself, on pain of dismissal. Let this be a key, when the refreshment has been served, be returned to me."

"Yes, may it please you, my lord," exclaimed the girl, taking possession of the key with much avidity, adding, "Benson wants to know, too, if you please, my lord, that when the young gentleman has had his supper will there be any occasion for him to wait?"

Lady Kingswood mused for a minute or so, and then said,

"No—no, it will be unnecessary. Let him be careful, before he retires for the night, that the door is secure; that will be sufficient."

"Thank you, my lord," responded Harebell, with a sharp, quick curtsey, and she disappeared from the apartment.

Arming himself with a gun, and taking a dog with him, Lord Kingswood quitted Kingswood Hall for the Chase, as if to enjoy an hour's shooting alone, for he would not permit any one to accompany him.

Harebell in the meantime returned to her young mistress, and knocking at her chamber door, begged to be allowed to say a few words to her.

Lady Maud was hardly pleased at the interruption, for, with her burning check laid upon her hand, she was trying to contrive some mode of communication with Eric. She, however, rose up and gave admittance to Harebell.

"What do you wish to say to me, Harebell?" she inquired.

"Why, if you please, my lady, I took your note to Lord Kingswood, and his lordship presents his thanks to your ladyship, and we will keep the appointment," answered Harebell.

"So could have told me that at any time, Harebell," said Lady Maud.

"So I could, if you please, my lady," she replied; "but any time would not do for the favor I want to ask of your ladyship."

"Favor, Harebell? What is it?" responded Lady Maud.

"Does your ladyship know Benson—the gamekeeper Benson?" asked Harebell.

"I do—by sight," rejoined Lady Maud.

"Well, my lady, it Benson who has been set to watch the goblin chamber in the eastern wing, where the poor young gentleman is locked in."

"What of Benson, tell me, Harebell?" she exclaimed.

"Why, you see, my lady," answered Harebell, "when I carried your note to Lord Kingswood, I don't know how ever it was, but I lost my way in the corridors and came right upon Benson, who, with a gun resting on the hollow of his arm, was keeping watch outside the door of that horrid ghost-hole. I was like to faint at first with fright, but Benson held me up and

told me not to give way to my feelings, and so I wanted to know what he did there, and he told me; then I wanted to know who was to give Mr. Eric anything to eat to keep him from starving, and he said he didn't know, he had no orders, and so, my lady, I thought as I went to the library I would ask Lord Kingswood, and say it was Benson who wanted to know what he was to do about it."

"And his lordship's reply? Quick, quick, my good girl," exclaimed Lady Maud, eagerly.

Harebell held up the antique key, and swung it backwards and forwards by the handle.

"That is his lordship's reply," rejoined Harebell, with dancing eyes and the display of a very even row of white teeth.

A thousand thoughts—a world of wishes—rushed through Lady Maud's brain at sight of that key, but she felt that she dare not ask for it, nor even display any anxiety respecting it. Harebell was not actuated by similar feelings.

"The favor I have to ask of your ladyship is," she continued, still with a peculiar, mirthful shrewdness in her smile, "to permit me to take this key to Benson, and bid him supply Mr. Eric with whatever refreshment he requires."

"Oh—yes—certainly," exclaimed Lady Maud, hesitatingly, distressed to think she could not properly invent a stratagem to communicate herself with Eric without making a confidant of this girl.

As if Harebell read her thoughts in her expressive features, she said,

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Harebell; "but the fact is, all the household like Mr. Eric, and they would do anything for him they could without offending Lord Kingswood. Now, he has been treated cruelly enough already to-day, and somebody therefore ought to treat him with kindness, so I thought that if your ladyship would just write two or three lines to him to ask what refreshment he would like, and when he would wish to have it—it would, my lady, seem to him, lonely and miserable as he must be, that he is not forsaken by all the world."

Why, it was the very stratagem that Lady Maud could not think of until thus put before her very eyes and into her hands.

Her heart was too full to speak, but Harebell's quick glance detected the large tear which had sprung into her eye. She hurried to her desk without a word, and sat down to write.

In a burst of excitement she wrote a few hurried, passionate, loving lines, expressive of the agony his position occasioned her, and breathing a hope that Heaven would permit them to meet once more ere it sundered them for ever.

She would not even read the note after she had written it, but with cheeks of the hue of the carnation, she handed it to Harebell, and bade her hurry with it to its destination.

"Where are you going, pretty little Suky?" exclaimed the spoken-of Benson, all eyes," as he gazed on her pretty face.

"I want to go into that chamber," she said.

"My orders are to let no one in or out," he said, "and I must obey my orders, even though so pretty a wench as that bid me nay."

"Did you think Mr. Gower was to be suffered to starve here all day?" she exclaimed.

"No, gamekeeper, he is not. Lord Kingswood has given the key to me. I am going to ask Mr. Eric what he would like for his dinner, and then I shall carry it to him, and when that is done I am to give the key to you until supper-time. Lord Kingswood's orders are that, while you have the key, you are not to admit a soul into that room, nor to let the inmate of that room depart from it on any pretence whatever. When the bell rings for supper, I shall come again and take the key back to Lord Kingswood, and you may then return to your bed."

"My bed, wench? what is in your corner, I suppose?" returned the gamekeeper, with a sneer.

"Lord Kingswood ordered me to say that a night-watch was unnecessary," she rejoined Harebell, emphatically. "So that when I take the key the last thing, you may go your way to your hut in the forest."

"Hallo, you fox in the trap there! I want to worry you! Open the door or I'll break it in!"

Erle! ejaculated Lady Maud, with astonishment.

"And so, indeed, it would, dear Maud, if I were in very truth a nameless, penniless adventurer; but Heaven be thanked, I am only fortuitously so," he rejoined quickly.

"I have a name and rank, and ere long I will establish my title to it."

"In the interim, however—deep as my love is for you, Lady Maud, blissful as your face and form are to my eyes—I hold it to be an imperative duty that I should separate myself from you entirely, refraining from all personal interviews or communications, until I, having a name less noble than your own, being of equal rank and wealth, can come forward and say, 'Lady Maud St. Clair, I love you tenderly, deeply, enduringly. I offer to you my hand, my heart, my life."

"You are sanguine, dear Erle, of being reinstated in your rights; I am not. You have told me that you have no friends—"

"But you, dearest!" he exclaimed.

"Lord Kingswood is wealthy, powerful and inflexible," he continued.

"Measured against his strength, your greatest efforts must fail, and you must be crushed."

"I neither fear him nor his power," he said; "I dare the struggle, and I shall come from it victorious."

"Oh, Erle!" she returned, passionately, "my heart is bursting—breaking beneath this roof! All here for whose opinion you need care, save myself, are arrayed in bitter hostility against you. In the eye of Heaven, by your vow and my own, I am your wife! take me with you hence! I will cheerfully, gladly give up all I hold here, station and wealth, to share your fate. Take me, Erle; I have the means of flight. I have a small fortune of my own which Lord Kingswood cannot touch, and I have a wealth of love for you surpassing all the treasures of the world."

A sharp, hurried tap at the door interrupted her, and a voice breathed hissing through the keyhole.

"For mercy's sake, Lady Maud, screen yourself, Lord Kingswood is approaching the chamber."

Before Erle could think of a recess to answer this purpose, the door was struck a violent blow with some weapon, and the voice of Philip Avon, thickened by intoxication, cried,

"Hallo, you fox in the trap there! I want to worry you! Open the door or I'll break it in!"

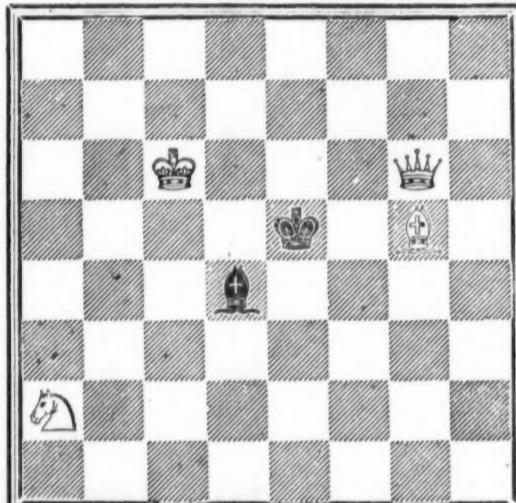
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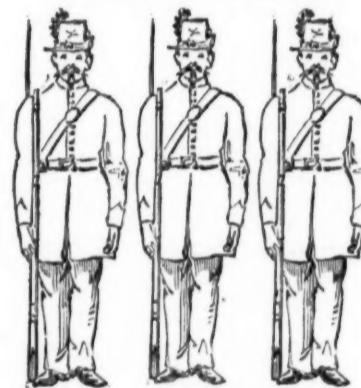
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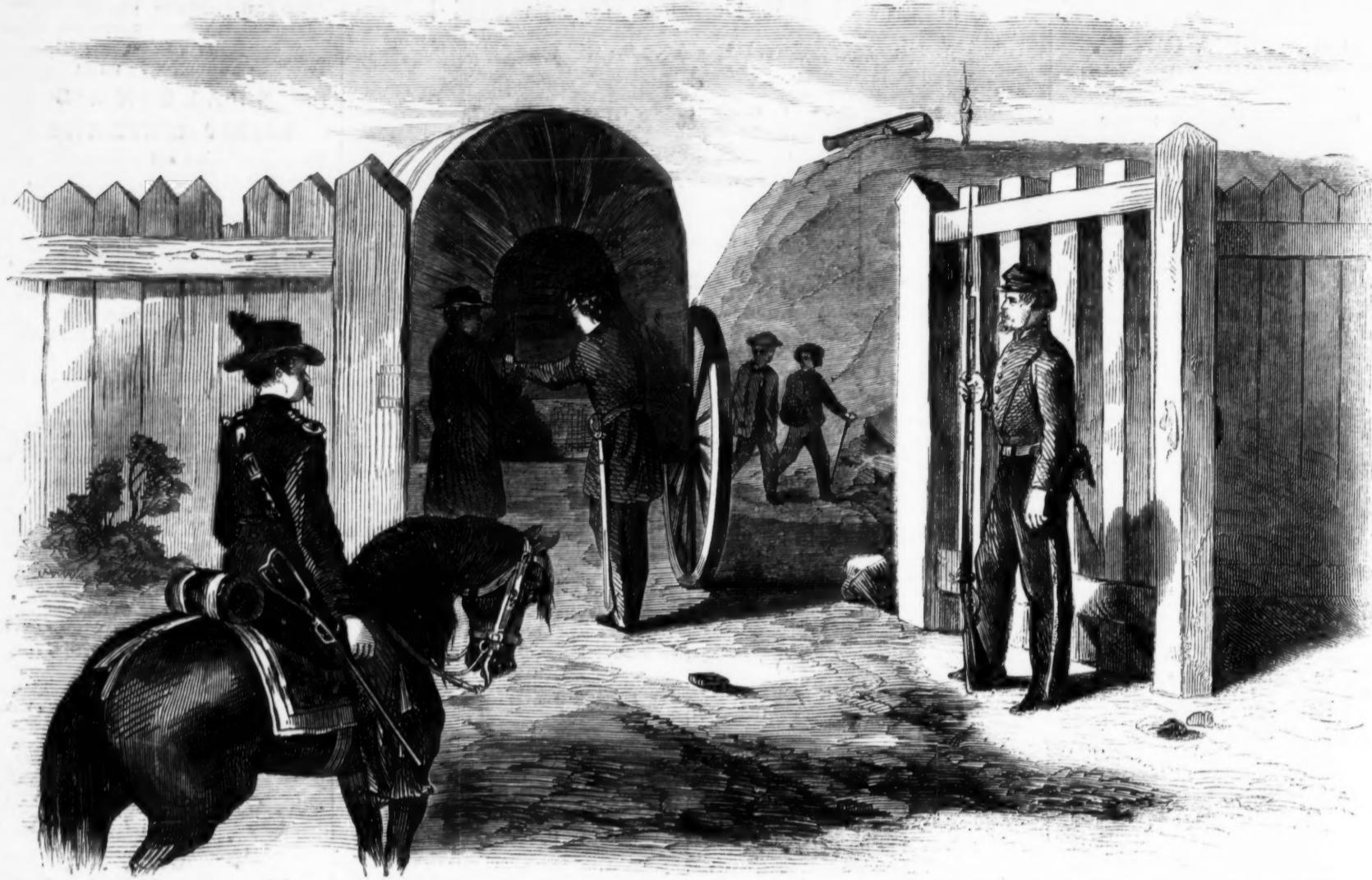
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